

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 21.

SEPTEMBER.

1863.

LLOYD PENNANT, A TALE OF THE WEST,

BY RALPH NEVILLE, ESQ.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved, and the Privilege of Dramatic Adaptation has been secured by the Author.]

CHAPTER XIV.

After breakfast next morning, Colonel Blake prepared himself for, perhaps, one of the most distressing acts which an honest heart can be called on to perform—that of parting an old and faithful servant, without possessing the means of rewarding the services of his youth, or providing comfort for the necessities of his approaching age. In this case there was much to aggravate the master's feelings; not only had Tim served him with a devotion and fidelity beyond all praise, but the accumulated earnings of the poor man's life had been placed in his hands for safety, and they, too, were gone, to all appearance—irremediably gone. Let it not be supposed that the motives which induced the Colonel to take this most painful step were selfish ones; no, he would have shared his last penny, and divided his last crust with his faithful dependent, and the greatest sacrifice he had yet been called upon to make was the being compelled to separate himself from this humble friend, whose services, nay, whose very appearance, was a consolation to him. But the ruined gentleman felt the necessity of the parting on Tim's own account; he would get him a good place, and even still the poor fellow might hoard up something to soothe his latter days; whereas, did he keep him on, it would, the Colonel conceived, be but adding one injury to another—having already robbed him of his money, should he still continue to rob him of his time.

Colonel Blake now stood face to face with poverty, he began to feel the irresistible power of that crawling monster, whose squalid presence turns hearts once warm with friendship into stone—whose supplications dim with the disdainful look of scorn eyes which once sparkled with pleasure, or beamed with love—whose inflictions mar the happiness of life in this

VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.

L

world—and whose temptations but too frequently bar the way to felicity in the next. Fortified by the consciousness of doing right, he rang the bell.

"Tim," he said, with a quivering lip, and not venturing to look up; "I'm a ruined man."

"The Lord forbid, sir!"

"Yes, Tim, I am ruined past redemption—and, what is worse, I have ruined others, too."

"That's what your honour never did in your life, nor never will do," quoth Tim, indignantly.

"Your wages, the savings of your life, which you deposited with me to keep, are gone."

"An' is that what you're fretting after? an' what if they are—have'n't I my health, thank God—an' can't I earn more when the times get better? and until then isn't it very good for me to get my diet; many a dacent man, out of place here, would be glad to get the likes, even from a stranger, let alone from a master that one served all one's life."

"Even that, Tim, I can't afford you—even that, unhappily, I can't afford you now."

There was silence for a moment, and the Colonel looked up to see what impression this last announcement had made upon Tim. The poor fellow stood pale as death—his eyes were filled with tears, and his countenance bore a mingled expression of wounded affection and cruel disappointment.

"God help me, Tim; I can't avoid the separation—and He only knows how much it has cost me to say the word to an old friend like you."

The Colonel covered his face with his hands, while scalding drops fell quickly on the table. Tim was unmanned, and burst into tears.

"If it be only that you're short of money, master—that's easily managed; I can live upon anything; but if it be that you don't wish to keep me—that you're tired of me—or that you think my staying will take anything from your own comfort, or Miss Kate's—in that case, I'll go as willing as the flowers of May, if my heart was to break, and my bones to be laid in a strange country, where there wouldn't be a sowl to wake me, or a friend to offer up a prayer on my green grave. I'll go—I'll do anything you like; and when I'm going, I'll leave my last blessing to you and yours. Oh! oh! I little thought that this would be the end of me; but Heaven's will be done!"

"Tim, Tim," exclaimed the Colonel, no longer able to conceal the emotion which he had been vainly endeavouring to suppress, this will kill me; if I thought only of myself, you should never leave me—never—old and faithful friend, never!" and he stretched out his hand to Tim, who covered it with tears and kisses; but it's on your own account; if you don't earn now, whilst you're able, what will you do hereafter?"

"Thank your honour—thank you," cried Tim, now smiling joyfully through his tears; Heaven be praised that that's your reason, for now I'll stay in spite of you; I won't go an inch—and I'll end my days where I began them—in your service; there's no use in saying another word about it; what will I do when I grow old? why, Providence will take care of

me, to be sure, if I only do my duty; but there's many a way of earning money here, and I can serve you, sir, as I always did, and make money into the bargain." The Colonel's pride was stung, but he remained silent. "Last week," continued Tim, "I met an old friend, who was valet to Lord Heatheringfield, long ago, and he told me if I was out of place, or had any spare time, he'd get me five shillings a night, as waiter at parties, and I'd only be required from eight 'till one; now I can leave this after tea, and be up before you want me in the morning, and it's no trifle to earn thirty shillings a-week, if your honour lets me."

"Do as you like, Tim—do as you like; oh, that my ill luck may end one day, and that it may yet be in my power to reward such fidelity!"

"It will—to be sure it will," said Tim—"not a doubt about it;" and he set about removing the breakfast things, with a light heart and a smiling countenance. Mrs. Bolingbroke had been long warmly invited to spend some time with a friend in the north of England; and, after consulting Kate, she announced her intention of availing herself of that opportunity to lessen the pressure on the reduced means of the family. Kate would miss her society much, but she could not object, more especially as their separation was only to be temporary, for the kind old lady loved her young relative, and had already assured her that their fortune should be inseparable, and that, were matters at the worst, they could together exercise their talents, and turn their acquirements to profit for their mutual support.

Every day brought more dismal news from Ireland—but still no tidings came from home. At length the capture of the French, and the total dispersion of the rebels was announced—and the report that Mike had fallen in battle, sedulously propagated by his friends, to facilitate his escape, was confirmed in the newspapers.

"Heaven forgive the unfortunate poor fellow," prayed the Colonel, as I do, although his senseless conduct may cause my ultimate ruin; self never entered into his consideration—and I cannot—I will not believe that dishonour could find a place in such a heart."

"God have mercy upon him!" said Kate; "he never meant ill by any one; and, could the truth be known, his desire to serve your interests most likely hurried him into this unfortunate conflict."

Tim wept long and bitterly on learning the sad intelligence; he and the Colonel appeared next day with crape on their hats, and Kate set about transforming some half-worn black dresses into such mourning as she could make of them. Mike's death was to her a cause of bitter sorrow; he had been her only confidant—was entrusted with the inmost secrets of her heart—he had always sympathized with her griefs, and cheered her despondency. The loss of so intimate and trusted a friend was, to a person in her situation, irreparable. The expenses of their menage were greatly diminished by the change of apartments and Mrs. Bolingbroke's absence; but the residue of Kate's money was expended, and some articles of minor value disposed of in a similar manner, as the first added

but little to her scanty means. Tim obtained the employment which he had been promised, and regularly deposited the total of his earnings in Miss Bingham's hands, with a strict injunction that she should not spare the money as far as it went, until it was his master's convenience to repay it. This was, to say the least, a precarious and humiliating mode of existence—and Kate began to reflect that she, too, might employ her time profitably, and earn the means of subsistence. She looked over the various advertisements in the newspapers carefully, in the hope of finding some occupation, by means of which she might gain money, without ceasing to reside with her uncle. At length she noticed one which she thought would quite suit her purposes. A person competent to give lessons on the harp was required to attend a young lady daily; and, delighted with the prospect of converting her accomplishments to profitable uses, she determined on applying for the place, and next day repaired by appointment to an interview with the person from whom she expected an engagement.

In the drawing-room of the agent's house, Kate found a supercilious looking woman, very showily dressed, who never moved from her chair when the timid and abashed girl was presented as the "young person" who wanted employment, nor even once asked her to sit down.

Mrs. Dash, a court milliner, imitating the manners of some of her customers, put her glass to her eye, and looked the applicant all over from head to foot.

"Been in any situation before?" she drawled out, with the air of an exquisite.

"Never."

"I thought so; appears inexperienced; and," in a half whisper to the agent, "rather too good-looking—you know Mr. Dash is a gay man."

"Do you understand anything of millinery?"

"Nothing."

"Dear bless me," exclaimed Mrs. Dash again resuming her glass, and her look of scrutiny, while all the blood in Kate's body rushed into her cheeks. "Can you really play the harp well and teach it? Do you feel yourself perfectly competent, because if not there would be no use in your attempting to give lessons to Miss Dash, who is already a first rate musician?"

"Yes, she felt herself perfectly competent."

"Who had taught her?" Kate named one of the first masters. "Could she bring a recommendation from him?" Miss Bingham did not answer—"because if you can, and bring some testimonials as to your morality, and that I approve of your style of playing—it is possible I may employ you. My terms are a shilling a lesson, and you may call upon me any hour from twelve to four"—and the court milliner's carriage being ordered to the door, she flaunted from the room, bowing slightly to the agent, but without deigning to bestow the smallest notice on the applicant for place.

"I think I may congratulate you on getting a good situation," said the agent, as she conducted her client down stairs. "You know our fee is a guinea when all is settled. If you answer, and conduct yourself pro-

perly, we may easily procure you other pupils. Mrs. Dash has great interest with ladies of quality, all her customers are carriage folk, and most of 'em deep in her books, so that if you do but please, her recommendation will make your fortune."

When Kate got into the street, she thought the eyes of every one she met, were fixed upon her, she fancied that those who stared as she passed, knew the business she had been about, and the treatment she had received. She walked quickly to the corner where Tim remained in waiting—and returned home with galled feelings, and a heavy heart. Here was the result of her first experience. All her hopes prostrated, all her castles in the air levelled to the earth. A shilling an hour for teaching an elegant accomplishment, and then to be treated with such insolence and indignity. Would she have behaved so to others when in prosperity, her heart answered that it was incapable of such barbarity. Unable to pass through a second ordeal of this description, her thoughts now turned to drawing. Her water colours had always been admired. Many, far inferior to those she could produce, were marked at high prices in the shop windows. This was a species of industry which might be exercised without the risk of insult. She was quickly at work, and pencil sketches of the wild scenery near home, that had been taken for amusement, furnished her with subjects. She was eminently successful, and laboured assiduously until such a number of drawings were completed as she calculated would produce a considerable sum. How blythely this high born child of affluence betook herself to the daily toil. With what feelings of delight and gratification did she contemplate the fruits of her industry when the appointed task was performed, and another added to the prized treasures of the portfolio. She then went out for exercise, her heart cheered by the consciousness of having performed a duty. When the weather suited, her uncle generally accompanied Kate every day for a walk in Kensington Gardens, and for some time past, their attention had been attracted by an elderly man who continually followed them about, and made a point of occupying the extreme end of whatever bench they happened to sit upon. It was impossible to be annoyed with him. There was an expression of benevolence in his face, which forbade the supposition that his motives could be improper—and a respectful deference in his manner, which disarmed all dislike. He was a stout, short, bustling body, to all appearance turned of sixty; but active in his movements, and evidently possessed of indomitable perseverance. No matter when they came, there he was. No matter where they looked, they were sure to encounter his merry twinkling eye, and his half developed smile, courting their notice, and seeking as it were, an opportunity to storm their acquaintance; and so habitual became their encounters, that the Colonel sometimes jested with Kate on his unfailing attentions, and laughingly congratulated her on having achieved a conquest. The little man was always present, but still never obtruded himself in any unpleasant way. At length on one occasion, Kate having forgotten her handkerchief, it was picked up by the stranger, and presented to her with a courtesy of manner, and a deference which evinced the absence of all presuming forwardness. There was an evident desire to cultivate an acquaintance, but at the same time, a

modesty of deportment, which shewed, that the wish to do so was prompted by some amiable and kindly motive. On the next day the Colonel came to the Gardens alone. He was seated, and giving full vent to his melancholy, when roused from his reflections by a sharp "hem" from his friend, who had quietly taken possession of the other end of the bench. The little man smiled and bowed, common courtesy exacted a return of the civility."

"Very hot weather, sir," he remarked, as he proceeded to rub the closely-cut hair of his head with a piece of ice, taken out of an oil skin bag which he drew from his pocket; when the operation was performed, "would not take such a liberty, sir, if the young lady was with you, but the weather is so hot."

"It is fine and seasonable weather," replied the Colonel.

"Very bad, though, let me tell you, sir, for any one having a tendency of blood to the head—you have not that misfortune, sir?"

"No; I am happy to say I have not."

"And I am happy to hear you say so, sir," rejoined his companion, "for there cannot be a more unpleasant ailment, as I know well."

"I should not have supposed that you were an invalid."

"Not supposed I was an invalid!" repeated the little man; "why, sir, I live, I may say, in death—my existence is but momentary—there's not an office in London would do business with me—I'm not insurable at no premium whatsoever. I may drop here, there, anywhere, sir; but I have, as far as man can do it, provided for the occasion. You may see by this, sir—(holding out a small note taken from his waistcoat pocket)—that I'm fully prepared for the event. There, sir, is my contract with Mr. Gleem, the undertaker—(a first-rate man in his line)—to bury me for the sum of twenty-five guineas:—hearse, coaches, plumes, mutes and attendants included, in good style, you understand. It's inclosed in a note, requesting any person who may find it—(pointing significantly to his body)—to forward same to the aforesaid Gleem, in Fleet-street. Carriage of more than thirty miles from London to be an extra payment, for which full provision is made in my will. 'Not an invalid.' Why, sir, you yourself may have, before we part, the melancholy duty of calling a coach to convey me to my destination; not—(observing the Colonel's look of astonishment)—not, sir, that I ask or require a compliment from you, sir, or any other man. I'm rich, sir, don't be alarmed; but, sir, what's the good of riches when one can't enjoy them? Believe me that sometimes I wish I had not a guinea."

"That's strange," replied the Colonel, "for the possession of wealth is generally supposed to confer happiness."

"Money's a humbug, sir—a d—d humbug. I have it, and I can make no total of what it's worth. When I say money, I mean, you understand, more of it than a man wants. I have that, sir, and I believe in my conscience I'd be happier if I was a pauper. What am I? Why! a creature living for nothing and nobody; cared for by no one, who ought to care for me, except for my money—and made what I am, a homeless wanderer, I may say, by my money."

"Tis strange," said the Colonel; "most homeless wanderers are made so

by the want of it." He paused—his thoughts turned towards home—the lordly castle and the towering oaks passed in review before him—from want of money he was driven from its shelter and their shade.

"My name, sir, is Skittles—Jim Skittles I'm generally called in 'the Lane,' as we always call Mincing-lane, sir—but, of course, you don't know that, not being a city man. I entered life, sir, without the price of my breakfast, and lived in a cellar for the first month of my struggle with fortune—am not ashamed to tell it, sir, indeed rather wish it should be known, and am now worth above a plum, sir, above a plum—(looking at the Colonel as if he expected the intelligence would overwhelm him.)—Well, sir, I labored late and early to get money. The night was never too short, nor the day too long for me, and I got it. But what did I lose? I loved a girl of our village, that I did,—as man never loved woman afore—and I began to earn for her. But, you see, as I throve, I grew fond of making money—and she grew tired of waiting; so that the end of it was, that I heard one fine morning that my Bessy had married a small farmer, who lived hard by her father's house. Well, then, I laid myself down to increase my capital in earnest: I spent less and worked harder; and then, as I got richer and richer, I thought less, and less, of my old acquaintances; I determined on making a plum before I married; and then intended to marry some tip-top lady of quality. Well, when I had the plum, I could find no girl I liked, who liked me. I was too old for some, and too vulgar for others. I set up a carriage—but I came out of it backwards, one fine summer's day that I went out to dine at an old Squire's house, who had a multitude of daughters. The company saw me from the drawing-room windows, and there was such a boisterous roar of laughter continually kept up during the evening, that I sold my carriage next day, and never entered one since. I started again—fifty thousand more, I said, and I can command the best on 'em. Well, I made the other half-plum, and bought a country house, and furnished it magnificently—bless you, I have such pictures—(I suppose they're first-rate, for I gave a man thirty thousand pounds to buy them)—and I found myself worse off than before. I was still older, and they said rather more vulgar; I expected more, but I found I could get less—I looked higher, but got myself laughed at. Well, then I had nothing to mind but my money—and I did mind it. I stuck to my business, and doubled my capital—I was worth two plums—I am worth two plums, sir—(assuming a most majestic look)—and what's the consequence?—and what's the consequence? I had but just put up my pictures, rounded the heap, and was preparing to look out again for a wife, when my doctor told me, 'I couldn't count on my life for an hour!' And there I was, and here am I still, with my money on one hand and Death on the other! That's a pretty wind up, isn't it? I'm beginning to think, sir, that we work too much in this country—what's life if a man can't taste some of its pleasures? and what's wealth, if, after we toil to gain it, we have no health left to use it? Ah, sir, health's the thing—depend upon it. I'd willingly give one plum this moment to any man who'd take my tendency of blood to

the head, and leave me at liberty to enjoy the other—(and Skittles looked at the Colonel to see if there was any likelihood of his accepting the offer.)—There's no sports for the young now, as there used to be in my day—no dancing on the green—no May-pole—no one goes a-nutting—you see no folks strolling on the fine summer's evening through the sweet, green lanes, joking with their neighbours, or making love with their sweethearts. Ah, poor Bessy! my happiest days were spent in such scenes with thee—(and Skittles became moved by the remembrance)—there's no boys or girls now—they're all men and women, who have jumped from the innocence of the cradle to the maturity of worldly cunning. All are boon slaves of labour—*excessive* labour," exclaimed the little man, waxing eloquent; "that vampire which sucks the life blood of the poor, and sacrifices the many to the capidity of the few—that d——d monster, that robbed me of my health, in return for the riches which it gave me. We pay our men well, and we feed them well; no doubt about that, sir, but is it only for eating, and drinking, and working, that men are sent into the world?"

"You are right, sir," said the Colonel, "one's energies should not be exercised exclusively for the accumulation of money."

"And then, sir," rattled on Skittles, "seeing I could have no enjoyment of money myself, I thought I'd make others happy with it. But, do you know, I either met impostors, who cheated me, or honest men too proud to accept my assistance, and then I resolved to pay no compliments to no one, and I took to lending money—(with a shy look at the Colonel)—that is, lending money on good interest—the legal interest, full six per cent.—never more and never less—always expect punctuality, and invariably enforce it. Small sums, so that loss can't hurt; that's my way of doing business. Now, if you should ever require a loan," there was no reply, and neither spoke until Skittles broke the silence.

"By the way, sir, I hope your daughter is not ill?"

"No—the young lady is my niece."

"Your niece! and she so fond of you; very odd that. When I gave up marrying, I sought out a niece—but, instead of becoming fond of me, she picked the lock of my safe—stole a thousand gold guineas that I kept by me, in case of national bankruptcy—and bolted with my warehouseman. How very odd—(in a sort of soliloquy)—I suppose it's only poor men's nieces who are really fond of them."

The Colonel rose, made a formal bow, and walked off.

"Very proud, very proud," said the good-hearted Skittles, "and, I fear very poor, too; but, hang it, I'll catch him somehow, if he was to die for it."

The following day Kate and her Uncle chose one of the most retired walks for their stroll—and the Colonel was in the act of congratulating himself on having escaped his persecutor, of whose extraordinary history he had just given a detail, when they were suddenly confronted by Mr. Skittles himself.

"Very happy to see you this morning, sir," said he, with the most imperturbable coolness, as he actually blocked up the way. "I hope I see

you well, sir, and you, too, miss," addressing Kate; "thought your uncle was lonely without you yesterday, miss, and took the liberty of speaking to him to try and divert him—I meant well, miss, but fear I gave offence. If I have done anything wrong, I hope you will pardon my ignorance, sir," (turning to the Colonel)—I'm but a tradesman, and, perhaps, I often do wrong when I mean to do otherwise."

"No one who means well can do wrong, sir," Kate replied, with her sweet voice, which went direct to Mr. Skittle's heart; "an error they may commit, but a wrong, never. For myself, I thank you for your well-intended attentions to my uncle—and I am sure he was not offended."

"Thank you, miss—thank you," cried Skittles, and even the stern Colonel melted under the influence of his humility. Having offered this explanation of his conduct, the little man moved off, seemingly delighted with the condescending manner in which it was received, and the uncle and niece resumed their walk.

"It was meant kindly, I have no doubt," said the former, "although his implied knowledge of my circumstances was exceedingly mortifying to me."

"We are poor, my dearest uncle, however pride may endeavour to conceal the fact—and friendless, too; and if this person did lend money at interest, I can't see why you should refuse to avail yourself of pecuniary assistance, tendered as a matter of business."

"What, my dear, would you have me borrow from a stranger?"

"How few acquaintances offer to lend? and when necessity leaves no alternative."

After some moments' reflection, the Colonel remarked—"I believe you are right, Kate, I should not have rejected assistance sent in so unexpected a manner—and if he proposes it again, why—we shall see about it."

CHAPTER XV.

While Kate was trying to obtain a situation, and exerting her talents to procure a livelihood, Skittles continued his promenades in Kensington Gardens without interruption; every day he was to be found there—and at length, the Colonel became so habituated to the meeting—and the greeting which followed—that he gradually relaxed the austerity of his manner, and a rather familiar intercourse was insensibly established between them. Skittles did not again introduce the subject of money-lending; but he frequently alluded to the emoluments and honours accorded to literature—and hinted at the comparative ease with which a competence could be acquired by its cultivation, until, at last, the Colonel felt astonished that he had never thought of so applying his talents before. The insecurity of his position urged him to make a trial. It was a duty to exert himself, and he resolved to do so.

On the next occasion that Skittles descanted on the profits to be derived from periodical writings, the Colonel remarked that, as his time

was quite at his disposal, and hung heavily upon his hands, he should have no objection to accept such an occupation, "Not, of course, for any pecuniary remuneration he might receive, but rather as an amusement."

Skittles seized the opportunity he had been long seeking for, and having brought the Colonel gradually to the point he desired, nailed him to his proposal. "Nothing," he assured him, "was more easily procured; he had a friend, Mr. Dowell, a first-rate fellow, one of the kindest creatures that ever lived—a poet—a philosopher—an orator—a writer—a young man who contributed to the first Reviews, and whose society was sought after by tip-top people; and who, with all, was so industrious—and so kind a husband, and so good a father, his success ought to be an encouragement to any one. Dowell could and would assist a friend of his;" and Skittles proposed that the Colonel should call upon the flourishing man of letters the next day, with a note of introduction, which he gave in pencil on the spot.

Skittles had no sooner parted with his companion than he proceeded direct to his literary friend, to apprise him of what he had done, and to make some private arrangements with him before the Colonel should come to pay his visit.

"Hallo, Tommy, my boy," cried the little man, as he entered Dowell's dwelling; "where are you, my hearty?" and immediately a sweet urchin, of some two years old, came toddling across the room to welcome him. Skittles took the child in his arms, kissed him, and taking a seat, placed him on his knee. The little fellow at once commenced rifling the visitor's pockets, in which various comfits and lozenges, and other good things were carefully stowed away—and, while this operation was proceeding, Mr. Skittles took the opportunity of saluting the parents of his pet.

"How do, Dowell? How are you, ma'am? Glad to find Tommy well and hearty. Hope everything's going on satisfactory. Do—that's right—that's right—nothing like perseverance, my boy. Often told you that; and now you see it. By-the-bye, I have a little favour to ask of you. There's a gentleman—a real thorough-bred one, I assure you—a first-rate man in fact, who's to come here to you to-morrow. He's as poor as a rook—(found out all about him)—but as proud as a lord. Now, he wishes to get an introduction to some publisher. Will you, like a good fellow, tell him you'll take his papers and deliver them?—and I shall be very much obliged—that, you may depend on. I don't care about his being employed, you know, but it will give you an excuse for paying him this ten pound note, in a few days after you get his article. You can say that it is accepted, and that this is the price. Tell him the publisher is anxious to get more on 'em; and keep him continually at work, without telling him who employs him."

Mr. Dowell professed himself ready to act as he directed, when his visitor prepared to depart.

"Don't like to interrupt you, Dowell. The machinery mustn't be stopped. Time's money, you know—good bye. Bless you, Tommy, my boy," and he thrust a guinea into the child's hand as he left.

Colonel Blake passed the night in offering apologies to his pride for the step he was about to take on the morrow. He ran over the list of eminent men who had wielded the goose quill, and risen by its influence; and at length satisfied himself that there was nothing derogatory to gentle blood in earning an honest subsistence by literary labour. Besides, as the letter of introduction was given in favour of Mr. Blake, if he failed, no one would be the wiser of his having made the attempt.

Mr. Dowell lived in the second floor of a dingy-looking house, in an obscure street, at the east end of town—and when the Colonel entered his apartment, he was struck by the meanness of the furniture, and the look of discomfort which it presented. There were none of the elegancies to which he had been accustomed, and but few of the comforts which were to be seen, even in his own lodgings, comparatively humble as they were. He had expected to find the successful “*literateur*” living, if not in affluence, at least in decency—and the personal appearance of the man himself at once dispelled all the visions which he had been indulging in since he made up his mind to embark in what was described to him as a facile and brilliant career. Mr. Dowell’s figure was tall, slight, and elegant—but the hardships he had undergone, and the mental inquietude produced by the precariousness of his position, had left their traces deeply imprinted on his intellectual face. Premature baldness added to the height of a naturally capacious forehead; and there was an air of depression in his manners, which plainly told that if success had been achieved, the victory was won after a hard fought struggle, and at a fearful sacrifice. He greeted the Colonel on his entrance with the courtesy of a gentleman, and there was a painful contrast between the elegance of his manners and the meanness by which he was surrounded. After having read the note of introduction as carefully as if he had not been already apprized of its contents, Mr. Dowell proceeded to offer his advice.

“I shall be most happy to exert myself in any possible way to promote your wishes, sir, on Mr. Skittle’s account, to whose kindness I am greatly indebted; but I very much fear that, with your habits and feelings, the course you propose entering upon will be found distasteful. The truth is, it requires an early acquaintance with its vicissitudes to enable a man to stand up with success against the disappointments, the drudgery, and the insults, which the aspirant for literary fame (unbacked by the possession of fortune) has but too often to sustain at the commencement of his career; however, if you have made up your mind to encounter those *disagremens*, and are determined to proceed, I am ready to do all in my power to assist you. If you have an independence, and wish to add to your means by moderate labour, you will find the occupation pleasant enough; but, if necessity compel you to exertion, you will soon discover that literature is “a fragile reed to lean upon.” Mr. Dowell recounted the history of his own struggles, with a candour which won upon the Colonel, and induced him to disclose so much of his own affairs as was sufficient to convince a man versed in the mysteries of distress, that poverty was pressing hard upon him.

Placing confidence in others is, in most instances, the surest way to obtain theirs in return, and the admission of our own faults or recital of our own misfortunes generally leads feeling hearts to make similar disclosures, from the desire to soothe galled feelings, to encourage industry, or to strengthen virtue. At length, the Colonel fairly admitted that his supplies were temporarily cut off by a combination of unexpected circumstances; and that any means, not derogatory to his station in life, by which he could meet the exigencies of the moment, would be willingly had recourse to. After promising to take his paper to a publisher, Dowell cautioned his visitor against being too depressed in case of failure at the outset. "There have been moments," he added, "when I despaired myself—when all my efforts failed—when the manuscripts, on whose composition I spent sleepless nights, were returned as unfit for publication—when all the sources from which I could hope to derive bread were apparently dried up—when my rent was unpaid, and my family without food. Aye, I have sat in this very chair, and looked upon my starving wife and child—and"—he paused, (but the large tear, which rolled over his quivering and compressed lips, and fell heavily on the manuscript before him, completed the sentence he had not the power to utter.

"Well," he continued cheerfully, after a moment's pause, "Providence sent that kind, good man, Mr. Skittles, to my relief, at a moment when death seemed my only chance of escape from misery; he helped me, and enabled me to assert my own rights—he gave me independence—and through his instrumentality, I raised myself from the disgusting drudgery of a literary "sweating shop," to the higher walks of my profession. I have now only to deal with those who, gentlemen themselves, can appreciate the feelings of a gentleman, who treat merit with consideration, and even failure with respect. My prospects are, I may say, brilliant, and all my success is due, under Providence, to the timely interference of a generous friend."

The Colonel involuntarily cast his eyes around the dilapidated room, when Dowell alluded to his success, and thriving fortunes, the latter promptly noticed the look, and proceeded to offer an explanation.

"I might have left those humble lodgings before now, and I soon must do so, from prudential motives, but somehow, I dislike the separation, and love to linger here, where, although I suffered much, the first rays of hope burst in upon me; and now, Colonel Blake—(for with a pardonable vanity, the poor Colonel had disclosed his real name and position, to insure respect for his present humiliation)—now that I have not hesitated to make you acquainted with my own affairs, you must, without taking offence, permit me to meddle somewhat in yours. I have become a small capitalist, the balance at my banker's being considerably in my favour, so I beg your acceptance of the small loan of ten pounds, until we ascertain the fate of your article." It was arranged that the Colonel should return at the end of the week, by which time Dowell, who had partially inspected the manuscript, hoped to have favourable news to communicate.

The Colonel's pride was gradually healed, as he wended his way home-

wards. He had accepted money from a stranger, no doubt ; it was but as a loan, however, and he hoped soon to have it in his power to repay it with interest, even should his literary speculation fail ; meantime, he was not insensible to the value of such seasonable relief, and he now censured the vanity which had caused him to reject assistance before, when he reflected that perhaps a few days later, he and his niece might have been in absolute want, but for its timely arrival. As he passed through the strand, a crowd had assembled round the remains of a carriage, which was broken by a runaway horse, and the flagway opposite a surgeon's shop, into which a wounded lady had been carried, was so obstructed, that he forced a passage through with difficulty—he was rudely jostled more than once, and quickened his pace after he got clear of the mob, in order to gain his home by dinner time. He met Kate in high spirits—told her all that had occurred at the interview between himself and Dowell, and concluded by saying :—

"Now, my dearest child, you see I have attended to your advice ; take this to replenish your exchequer," and suiting the action to the word, he thrusts his hand into his pocket to draw forth the note—it was gone ! The poor Colonel ate little dinner that day, and scarcely slept that night. He had incurred a new debt, and profitted nothing by the additional burthen. The loan had entailed humiliation, but no relief. It was not the extent of the loss alone which caused him inquietude, but he saw in the incident a continuation of his ill-luck, and it filled him with a presentiment of failure in his new undertakings. It was with difficulty Kate could persuade him to take his usual exercise the next day. To Kensington Garden he would not go—he could not endure the idea of meeting Skittles—he found it impossible to put on the semblance of cheerfulness, and sadness might be taken as an indication of ingratitude, or might be supposed to be simulated to excite compassion, and so extort additional aid. They turned into Hyde Park, and walked along in silence. The Colonel, engrossed by his own moody meditations, and Kate building castles in the air, and arranging how she might best employ her anticipated earnings, when a violent shower of rain burst suddenly upon them, and before any place of shelter could be reached both were drenched to the skin. While making their way towards the Park-gate, they were overtaken by an elegantly-appointed carriage, which drove rapidly past and then drew quickly up. By the time they reached where it stood, the footman held the door open, and a lady from within requested them to enter and take refuge from the storm, offering at the same time to conduct them to their home. The Colonel declined at first, but a renewed invitation, based upon the danger to the young lady's health, overcame his objections. They took their seats, and were driven towards their lodgings. The occupant of the carriage was a woman somewhat about forty-five, possessing one of those kindly and benignant countenances which at once inspires confidence and respect ; without appearing inquisitive, she soon learned the relationship of her companions, and before the carriage stopped to set them down she had managed to become acquainted with their names and country. There was something encouraging and attractive in this good woman's manner, before

which all reserve disappeared, and a mutual understanding seemed to be established between her and Kate, even before the termination of their short drive. When Colonel Blake thanked her at parting for her politeness, she shook Kate warmly by the hand, and requested permission to call on the following day to enquire after her health. This was a cheering incident, and had a consolatory effect upon the wounded hearts to which the unconventional kindness was extended. It inspired them with hope, and was received as a sort of omen that there were still to be found those who could discover merit and appreciate worth, even when unsurrounded by the factitious advantages of wealth, while the Colonel felt that though steeped in poverty, he had not lost caste. Tim was delighted beyond bounds—he assisted his young mistress out of the carriage with an air of a servant accustomed to the performance of such duties.

“Wasn’t it lucky that he was so opportunely in the way,” so he said, and so thought Colonel Blake, who could not at once abandon all recollections of the past.

That evening a respectable tradesman of the neighbourhood was closetted for a considerable time with Mrs. Bloom, the landlady, and next day the same carriage drove again to the door. Lady Clifton’s card was sent up, and presently after Tim ushered her into the drawing-room. We have already said that there was an ingenuousness in this lady’s manner, which almost instantly dissipated reserve, and an expression of active benignity in her open countenance which generated affection. Kate had known her but for some few hours, and yet she felt that to her she could divulge the secrets of her heart with less pain and difficulty than to almost any other person she had ever met. After a prolonged visit, Lady Clifton’s good opinion of her chance acquaintances was apparently strengthened. That they were persons accustomed to mix in good society she could not, from the first moment doubt, and the favourable impression made on her by their ease of manner, received confirmation from the refined and cultivated style of their conversation. She was charmed with the courtly elegance of the Colonel, and deeply interested by the quiet, unobtrusive melancholy which pervaded the mind and sentiments of his niece. Lady Clifton, when taking leave, expressed a wish that their present intercourse might ripen into friendship—hoped they would call upon her in Curzon-street, and asked permission to give Kate an occasional drive in the park.

The pleasure caused by this visit had not subsided, when Tim requested Miss Bingham to come down stairs as she was wanted. (He made it a point never to speak to her on business in the Colonel’s presence.)

“Well, thank Heaven, Miss,” cried he, with exultation, when she reached the landing-place. “Thank the Lord, you’re beginning to make acquaintances, fitting for the likes of you to know, ye needn’t go down at all. It’s only that there’s nothing in the house for dinner, and I just wanted to know, Miss, what you’d wish?”

“Aye, Tim, to be sure, its time to think of that. I had quite forgotten it—a piece of roast mutton? My uncle likes that, but her hand was busy in her pocket, as she gave this direction, she drew forth her purse—

then with blank disappointment in her face added, "There's not a shilling left! Mrs. Bloom's bill, which I paid just before Lady Clifton came, took away all the money I was possessed of."

"Murther, Miss Kate, why didn't you put her off a little, she is the best creature in the world, and wouldn't mind it. By gorra, that's awkward, but there'll be a great party to-morrow night, so I'll just go and borrow five shillings from her until then." Tim stepped into the parlour, where the tax-gatherer was counting over a sum of money, and before he could make his request, Mrs. Bloom asked if he would be "good enough to lend her half a crown." "I thought," she added, "that the entire amount was ready for the gentleman, but its so much short." "Well, I declare," said Tim, affecting to laugh, "Now that's one of the drollest things in nature—do you know but I was just coming down to ask you for that same sum myself. As its too late for the Colonel to go to the bank, and devil a stiver he has about him in silver. Well, its droll surely—but you see he couldn't leave her ladyship, and she stayed so long."

"No matter, no matter—I can call as I pass to-morrow, Mrs. Bloom," said the collector, sweeping the money from the table.

When Tim returned to Kate, who awaited the result of his application, at the stair head, he was in anything but a merry mood.

"It's a bad business, Miss; she hasn't a farthing, and it's no excuse either, for I saw the fellow take all she had, with my own eyes. What on earth is to be done?" said Kate, in a state of the greatest alarm. "My uncle can't do without his dinner, and our poverty will be exposed to the people of the house."

"Never mind, Miss," replied Tim, "never mind, I'll manage it. Bad luck to that ould countess that didn't give her party last night, as she intended, instead of putting it off, but I'll manage it; now go in, Miss, and don't fret." But poor Kate did fret, nevertheless.

It was the first time they were absolutely without food, or the means of procuring it, and she felt, as though they had arrived at the long dreaded crisis of their fate. She remained in the window, anxiously watching Tim's return, in the hope of learning the result of his expedition from his manner.

During this dreary interval, her thoughts wandered back to the lost home when abundance reigned around her, and when her every wish was anticipated by a crowd of devoted servants, when the Colonel's command was a law, and his power unlimited as a prince's, and now—now—they were in petty apartments, amongst strangers, existing, it might be said, upon the earnings of their servant—their own resources exhausted—without credit or friends."

Tim delayed much longer than usual, "he could not, of course, have succeeded," Kate, involuntarily exclaimed. "What shall become of us?" and was leaving the window, when the faithful fellow appeared, bustling down the street, his face flushed, and his inward man, evidently in a state of extraordinary perturbation. She had barely time to leave the room, before he reached the landing-place.

"Well, Tim, what have you done?"

"'What have I done?' reiterated Tim, "'What have I done?' By my soul, and it'll take half an hour at least to tell your honor that, Miss."

"But did you get what you required?"

"'Did I get what I required?' maybe I didn't. 'Did I get what I required?' By gorra, I might get a dinner for the Life Guards if I wished. Well, to tell you the truth, Miss, I never was more down in the heart than when I went to the butcher's—but in I dashes, with a bould face—'A piece of mutton, Mr. Gibbet,' says I.

"'Roast or boiled?' says he.

"'That'll do,' says I, pointing to a nice bit of a loin.

"'Anything more?' says he with a bow.

"'Not now,' says I; 'I'll be coming again the day after to-morrow, and I won't pay you for this until then.'

"'As you like,' says he.

"'Fine day,' says I, wishing to turn the conversation, for fear of any mistake—'good keeping weather.'

"'Very good,' said Mr. Gibbet.

"'Have it sent home as quick as you can, if you please, for it's rather late, and I had not time to come before now, the house was so full of visitors.' I was stepping off—

"'By the way,' says he.

"'Well?' says I, turning back.

"'Pound of rump-steak,' cried an ould woman just come in.

"Gibbet went to cut it; and my heart was jumping into my mouth until he had done—thinking he might be for breaking his word, and taking back the dinner.

"'By the way,' says he, wiping his knife, 'I was just a-thinking if it wouldn't be better for you to have a book, and not be paying this way every day?'

"'Well, it might,' says I; 'but, then, you see, the Colonel is so particular, he doesn't like to owe anything at all, at all.'

"'I'd rather have my money in a lump—and, if it was the same to you, I'd like it better quarterly, or half-yearly, if it suited your convenience.'

"By gorra, Miss, I was near jumping on the fellow's block, and dancing a hornpipe—I don't think I was so glad since the morning Master Mike shot the High Sheriff, on account of Carlo Darcy, the sub-sheriff arresting him—poor fellow, heaven be his bed! I wish he was here to day, now that there's plenty to give him share of.—'Well,' says I, after a pause, 'it is troublesome to be counting down little trifles so often, and if it conveniences you, I don't care if I have a book.'

"'Colonel Blake—six three-quarters-loin—open an account—give a pass-book,' shouted Gibbet to a fellow inside a small window—and before I had time to say Jack Robinson, he thrust this little green book into my hand. 'That's well done, any way,' says I to myself—now for the potatoes. I'm blest, Miss, if Mr. Parsnip, who was one of the most particular little animals I ever met, hadn't just the same song—and here's his book."

"How fortunate," ejaculated Kate.

"Ah, that's not the half of it," interrupted Tim; "I was passing by the butcher-man's, when out he runs after me, and proposes just the same thing—here's his book—and there's a pound of double Gloucester coming home upon trial. To make a long story short, Miss, the devil a mother's son of the whole iv them that's not trotting after me this blessed minute, with their baskets full. It's a comfort any how, that there's no stint now—here they are," cried Tim, running down stairs, as the bell rung, and the butcher's boy whistled at the door.

The following day Lady Clifton called, by appointment, to take Kate for a drive. She remarked that her young friend was dressed in black.

"I am sorry to see you dressed in mourning, and hope you have met with no family affliction?"

"Yes," said Kate, "we have lost a cousin, who, poor fellow, was dearly loved by us all."

"Was he young?"

"No."

"Was his illness protracted?"

"No, his death was sudden and unexpected"—and the latter part of the sentence was delivered with a degree of hesitation which Lady Clifton appeared to notice.

"Was he married?"

"No; he had fallen in love with a lady when young; there was some misunderstanding, and a quarrel with her uncle, which broke the affair off—and that entailed a duel with his commanding officer, somehow or other—and then he lost his commission, and ran out his estate; he lived with us, and often told me the story of his love, poor fellow—I think it occurred at York."

"Poor fellow!" repeated Lady Clifton, and her eyes filled with tears; "when did he die?"

"He died—it's a secret which my uncle would not wish to have known; however, I'll tell you, Lady Clifton, as I know it will be safe in your keeping—my poor cousin, Michael, was killed in the rebellion."

"Poor fellow!" again ejaculated Lady Clifton. "Why did he join in such a mad and criminal undertaking?"

"That I cannot tell."

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was now abundance in the little household, but Kate's uneasiness was scarcely diminished, for she knew that the bills must ultimately be met, and that, too, at no very distant period. The prospect of receiving relief from home, was but problematical—and she determined to profit by the ease which three months' credit afforded, and carry her plan for obtaining a livelihood by her own exertions into execution. To test the value of her already prepared drawings, Tim, now fully in her confidence, was fur-

nished with a catalogue, having the expected price placed opposite to each sketch, and despatched upon the important mission; he received a particular caution against submitting too suddenly to any considerable reduction, but was authorized, at the same time, to abate something on the total amount, if the entire collection should be disposed of. He was also supplied with a list of the principal print-shops in the west end, and the propriety of avoiding all others was duly impressed upon his mind; he accordingly set out early in the morning, but returned soon after mid-day, and the expression of his rueful countenance was alone sufficient to indicate the unsuccessful issue of his mission.

"Well, Tim, well," exclaimed poor Kate, breathless from impatience, "what have you done?"

"Nothing, Miss, nothing," but seeing the colour leave her cheeks at the unexpected intelligence, "I'll do better I expect to-morrow—I know I will—for some of the best people couldn't be seen to-day." Then followed a detailed account of the different receptions awarded him. Everyone admired the drawings, and would willingly have bought them if they wanted such—but the market was overstocked. One person "declared they were really beautiful," called his son to see them, and said, after a long inspection, "that the execution was perfect. If he required such things at any future time, he should be happy to buy; but at greatly reduced prices—in fact, a third of what was demanded was the utmost the artist could expect. If those reasonable terms were submitted to, he might call again in a fortnight when, probably, something could be done."

But Tim destroyed all the hopes his exaggerated statements of facts was calculated to produce, by exclaiming, as he left the room, "Bad luck to the rubbish—it's althered times, when the like iv me id be going about, cap in hand, asking them to buy your honour's drawings, that the whole world used to be running after at home—oh, murther, murther, but things is changed!"

When Kate was alone, she unfastened the paper wrapper of the portfolio, arranged the tossed drawings in their original order, and as she replaced each effort of her pencil she thought, with a bursting heart, "It's strange they would not have them; and surely, they are better, far better than those which used to be so much admired at Dunseverick." Had the poor girl known more of life, it would have been no matter of astonishment to her that talent, universally appreciated when its aim is to please, without expecting recompense, should be disregarded when necessity commands its exercise for support, and distress is the herald of its exhibition. Kate still sat, the scalding tears falling fast on the portfolio which lay before her, and her eyes swollen from weeping—when Lady Clifton stole gently into the room, and stood behind her chair unnoticed. Could she have anticipated the distressed state in which she found her young friend, it is possible that delicacy might have restrained the intrusion. It was too late, however, to stand on ceremony then—the poor disconsolate girl appeared the very emblem of dependency, and the benevolent and warm-hearted woman could not hesitate a moment as to how it became her to act.

"Kate, dearest Kate, I'm shocked to see you thus—from the commencement of our acquaintance I remarked that some cruel affliction weighed upon your mind, and anxiously have I desired to remove it. Yet I dared not venture to investigate what was so studiously concealed from my knowledge. But now—now there can be no farther reserve between us. I will be as a mother to you, dearest child;" she raised the drooping head, and kissed the cheek of the forlorn girl.

"Yes; tell me all this moment—I insist upon it. I am rich. If money can avail, you have only to command it. If wealth be powerless, I have a heart that can feel for and console you. Come, come dearest, tell me all—all—without reservation."

When, after a long conference, Lady Clifton rose from the sofa where they had been sitting, and ordered her carriage, her eyes were as swollen from weeping as those of her companion; but smiles beamed upon her face—she had ascertained that it was in her power to accomplish much; and, to a heart like hers, the ability of performing a good action was alone wanting to ensure its speedy execution. How often, as they drove along did she mentally thank Providence for the means placed at her disposal, and for the opportunity afforded her of securing, if not the happiness, at least the comfort of those whose misfortunes were as unprovoked by their own conduct as they were unexpected.

Kate had quite shaken off her despondency when they returned; and though her spirits were not so buoyant as when she roamed amongst the oaks and flowers at Dunseverick, she was evidently at ease, and relieved from those cruel anxieties which sour the sweetest tempers, and beat down the bravest hearts. All—everything—from her own disappointment to her uncle's change of circumstances, had been unreservedly revealed to Lady Clifton, and the ice once broken, she felt a melancholy satisfaction in talking over past occurrences—in communicating the plans she had formed, and confiding the hopes she entertained for the future to the sympathising breast of so kind a friend.

From that time occasionally, and always just when required, letters came for Colonel Blake, containing bank-notes of considerable amount, which some of his correspondents informed him were long due to him—while others assured him that the money was his own, although extraordinary circumstances prevented the disclosure of the sources from whence it was derived. As no addresses were given, those letters or their contents could not be returned. All went on cheerily, Tim ceased to attend at casual balls—Mr. Pepper seldom wrote, but still there was no positively bad news when he did—things remained always in the same state—Pincher quiet, and he "resting on his oars, but always carefully attending to the interests of his client."

Meantime Colonel Blake's labours were prospering apace. His third article had been accepted, and an honorarium of £20 forwarded as its recompense. None of them had as yet appeared, though paid for. At this he was disappointed—but Dowell informed him, that the publisher must use his own discretion in this respect. As he succeeded, and his circumstances became

easier, he turned his thoughts to other and more profitable means of money making. Our armies, commanded by incapable men—as they almost always have been at the commencement of every war—were driven disgracefully before the forces of the French Republic—and the Colonel determined on submitting to the military authorities, under a feigned name, an improved musket with conical ball, and rifled barrel—which he had invented, when in the Austrian service, but which his accession to the family estates, and his subsequent misfortunes, had hitherto prevented him from turning to any account. It was, in fact, the *minié* rifle now so much prized, and which has created such a revolution in the art of war. All the ready money which he could command was expended in preparing patterns, and taking out patents. The manufacturer employed to make the musket, was struck with its efficiency, and undertook to secure its adoption on certain terms, to which the inventor willingly consented. The trials to which it was subjected were perfectly successful—it was approved of by the Commander-in-Chief, and Secretary at War, and ordered to be immediately adopted.

At this stage of his success, the Colonel began to experience the undercurrent obstacles which still obstruct the course of superior authority. The manufacturer demanded terms more favourable than he had himself originally proposed, stating, as an excuse, that he was obliged to give *douceurs* to others—they were rejected—and when Colonel Blake next presented himself at the Horse Guards, his reception by the private secretary of the minister was formal and cold. This functionary hemmed and hawed, and even doubted the definitive adoption of the rifle, notwithstanding the numerous reports in its favour, and the formal decision of his superior.

Then, even more than now, the public offices were crammed with “DOUBTS,” whose only recommendations for employment were their poverty and aristocratic connections—and then, as now, the incapacity of this favoured class, damaged the best interests of the country, and made our military arrangements the laughing-stock of Europe. Then popular opinion was unheeded, because it was impotent to control political profligacy; and family patronage was rampant, because it was unchecked. Corruption is, perhaps, more daring now-a-days, than it was then, for it openly derides a power which it becomes daily less safe to trifle with. Men are already beginning to enquire, if some radical change in our social institutions would not be desirable? And the time may not be far distant, when the unblushing favouritism of a selfish oligarchy, will force an irritated people to the conclusion, that the abolition of the right of primogeniture, would leave them fewer high born paupers to support—and that the subdivision of large territorial possessions might rid them of a class of grasping magnates, whose interference renders all attempts to procure justice for untitled merit nugatory; and whose political influence, forces even a well-disposed minister to quarter the brainless scions of their noble houses on the public purse.

This secretary, a “Dowb,” of mean appearance, with a sallow, bilious complexion, a disagreeable stutter, and a shuffling gait, possessed neither intellect nor information, and endeavoured to cover all his deficiencies by assuming a wise air—turning up his eyes “like a duck in a thunder-storm,”

and shaking his big head, "as if there was something in it." He had one answer always ready, where a palpable lie might be dangerous, and he wished to avoid telling the truth, "I should rather not say." This functionary concluded his interview, by smilingly informing the Colonel, (he never smiled, unless when he had bad news to communicate,) "that the ministry was broken up, and that his patron was about retiring from office."

After having for many months borne with patience the impertinent arrogance of petty clerks, and the silly sneers of dandy staff-officers, who had participated in the "races of Dunquerque," and the "flight of Castlebar," and who thought that nothing could be valuable, except it were invented by one of their own intelligent body, the Colonel, determined to make a last effort to see the minister, and claim the fulfilment of his promise. He called next day, and was informed that Mr. St. Aubyn, then busily engaged arranging papers before quitting office, could not be seen. As he was about leaving with a heavy heart, the private door opened, and the secretary at war entered; he was one of those few men who seek to serve their country from disinterested motives. Rich, and highly descended, he had but one object in view—the public good; and he underwent the drudgery of office, solely from the desire to perform what he believed to be a duty. Of frank and winning manners—gifted with considerable talents, and great power in debate, Mr. St. Aubyn possessed a feeling heart, and a deep sense of honor and justice. On learning that the musket had not as yet been sealed, he ordered that formality to be immediately gone through, and desired the Colonel to wait until he should himself see the matter concluded. The minister had no sooner left, than the private secretary referred him to the chief clerk, a fussy, vulgar personage, who blustered and delayed until the hour for ceasing public business arrived—and then unceremoniously took his departure. On returning next day, the Colonel learned that nothing could then be done, without the new minister's approval, which never was obtained. All his future applications were unnoticed. He was deprived of the legitimate fruits of his invention—and the nation of a great advantage—by the intrigues of a subordinate power, which was then, and still is, able to thwart the good intentions of the most powerful minister.

Kate had determined, when she learned Pennant's disgrace, to proceed with her uncle to the Admiralty, and declare the truth regarding the manner in which she had induced him to protect Lord Edward, of whom, at the time, he had no personal knowledge whatever; but, then, explanation on this head could not account for the letters found by Pincher, and which established the fact of a subsequent connection between them. Then, again, she was alarmed as to the result which such a step might have, as regarded her uncle's liberty, and the publicity which it must give to their residence, might also compromise him with his creditors.

Of what avail could it be to clear Pennant's character on one point—when he was not present to establish his innocence of the graver charge. All things considered, then, she determined to bide her time—but now, more than ever, to remain faithful to her vow, as she considered herself the primary cause of all her lover's misfortunes.

By degrees, Lady Clifton overcame the Colonel's disinclination to enter society; he and Kate dined with her occasionally, and sometimes appeared at her balls, where Miss Bingham was treated with marked attention, and was much admired by more than one eligible candidate for matrimony.

Amongst the visitors in Curzon-street was a gentleman of large fortune, a country neighbour of Lady Clifton's; their parks adjoined; his mansion was one of the best, and his estate one of the oldest in Kent. Mr. Charlton evinced a decided partiality for the Irish beauty—and her kind friend determined to secure so desirable a connection for her, if she possibly could. Kate and he met often at her quiet dinner parties; and when the season ended, Lady Clifton insisted upon the Colonel and his family accompanying her to the Hall; the necessity of sea air for Kate was her excuse; in reality, she desired to profit by Mr. Charlton's proximity, while prosecuting her design against his heart. Colonel Blake was necessarily made the confidant of her plans and expectations, in order to secure his co-operation—but they were carefully concealed from the person most interested in the anticipated event.

The travelling carriage rattled along as briskly as prime posters could take it—the Colonel, Kate, and Lady Clifton inside. In the rumble were the lady's maid and Tim, who became so elated at the change of scene, and at travelling in the old accustomed style, that his feelings overcame his discretion. We are not certain whether he actually proposed marriage to "Abigail," but his attentions were so assiduous and incessant, that they called forth repeated remonstrances, accompanied by exclamations of surprise, and sometimes of reproof from his *compagne de voyage*.

The visitors were charmed with the house and grounds of Clifton Hall; but Tim exceeded all in his eulogies—he felt as if at home again; the butler's pantry and housekeeper's room were luxuries to which he had been for some time unaccustomed; and then the sea—"It was nothing, to be sure, to the ocean at Dunseverick, for one could see right across it; 'twas only a little ditch like, when compared to the broad Atlantic—but, then, it swelled and rolled, and rose and fell, all the same." So he was satisfied.

Lady Clifton's project seemed to prosper. Almost every morning Mr Charlton was in attendance for a ride, and frequently returned either to dine or pass the evening at the Hall; his attentions were undisguised, and his ultimate intentions could not be mistaken. Lady Clifton and the Colonel took every opportunity of pointing out to Kate the desirableness of such a connection. One urged the happiness of independence—the other, how delightful it would be were they close neighbours. The gentleman's station in society, personal appearance, and private character were such as must satisfy the most fastidious—and prudence whispered that his suit should not be slighted. But, if the mansion, and the park, and the broad acres of her new admirer sometimes took possession of Kate's mind, and seemed about to sway her decision, the remembrance of Lloyd Pennant's manly figure, his gallant conduct, and doubtful fate; and the fact that her imprudence had ruined his prospects, quickly dispelled the truant thought,

and restored the influence of first love, and solemnly plighted affection. Were she alone in the world, she would not have hesitated a moment; but when her uncle's dependent position, their past trials, the indignities which they had suffered, and the miseries which they had escaped, only through the providential interposition of a stranger, recurred to her recollection, she was often sadly puzzled how to act—and then, so long a time had elapsed since Pennant's sudden disappearance. Was he yet alive? Would he ever return? Was he still constant in his affection?

Mr. Charlton continued his assiduities—but still Kate studiously avoided affording him the opportunity of making a direct declaration. We must, however, leave them for the present, in care of the gossips of their neighbourhood, who decided on their immediate union, while we follow Mike to France, and trace Lloyd Pennant's path on the prairies of America

CHAPTER XVII.

PENNANT's time was passed principally in the chase. No backwoodsman had more skill in the use of the rifle, or more success in the wild sports of the country. Having secured the services of a Canadian family, he took frequent excursions to hunt, in company with the two young men who were experienced trappers—while the father and daughters attended on his mother, and looked to the management of the farm, and care of the stock.

Mrs. Lloyd, (for Pennant, in order to avoid the possibility of being traced, had adopted that name,) was more happy now than, perhaps, she had ever been, at least since her ill-fated husband's death. Blessed with the society of her child, her heart became open to the innocent pleasures within her reach—she indulged her taste for flowers, which the delicious climate enabled her to cultivate with success. The log-house was soon covered with roses and sweet-smelling creepers—the adjacent ground was carefully dressed, and planted with ornamental shrubs. Land was daily won from the boundless expanse of forest, and magnificent trees left standing, singly or in clumps, gave the newly-created farm all the appearance of an ancient demesne. Often, as Lloyd returned from the chase, he stopped to gaze with admiration on his new abode, and then sighed as he muttered—

“Would that she were here to enjoy it.”

Providence seemed to bless all his undertakings; his crops prospered, and his cattle increased—his mother, too, was so cheerful, and so attentive to his smallest wishes; past occurrences were never alluded to, and he began to forget the glory he had fought for, and the honours he had gained in the Old World, amidst the primeval scenery, and in the balmy climate of the new.

Lapse of time and the constant state of excitement in which he lived, had nearly obliterated all recollection of his family misfortunes. No circumstance occurred to renew the bitter anguish which the first discovery of them had occasioned—and the wild, spirit-stirring, and independent exist-

ence of the backwoodsman had, for an active and enthusiastic mind like his, all the charms which render the cold routine of civilized society so tame and insupportable to those who have once held converse with nature in the unexplored depths of the forest, or worshipped her sublimity on the cloud-capped mountain, and the boundless prairie. There was but one recollection unimpaired—and that was as cherished then as when he bade the lovely girl, whose image was indelibly engraven on his devoted heart, “*adieu*.” But the white man was fast following in his path. There were now many settlements within a few miles, and one pioneer of civilization had erected a hut, and established a store still farther in the eternal woods, and closer still to the wigwam of the Indian.

From his first arrival, Pennant omitted no opportunity of establishing a kindly intercourse with the natives. His skill in the chase first attracted their attention, his generosity and frank address secured their respect—and by degrees, the mother’s charities and his own honesty in dealing with them, completely gained their affection. The spoils of the animals which he killed were always bestowed upon them, and the residue of the produce of his gun, not required for domestic purposes, was invariably appropriated to satisfy the wants of some less-lucky hunter. His servants, too, assisted him much in conciliating the good feelings of their savage neighbours, for they had dwelt long amongst the Red-men, in pursuit of their vocation, and were regarded as powerful friends and dangerous enemies.

It happened about this time that our settler started on an expedition, to hunt the grisly bear; the haunts of the animal were distant—and his absence from home must be necessarily longer than usual; but his mother felt no alarm for his safety, as he was accompanied by the two stalwart Canadians, as well as by a band of the most expert and bravest of the Indian warriors of the neighbouring tribe. Neither was she apprehensive for her own security, as Pierre, the father of the young men, with another son and two daughters, afforded her sufficient protection and society. Pennant’s expedition proved unsuccessful—they killed but little game, and were obliged to return sooner than they anticipated, from the hostile attitude assumed towards them by the nation on whose hunting grounds they had intruded. Their horses and a portion of their stock of food had been left in charge of two Indians at the base of the mountain, whose intricate depths they must necessarily penetrate before reaching the haunts of the quarry which they sought. But when they returned, exhausted by their exertions, neither their horses nor their companions were to be found; whilst the trail of a war party, plainly discernible to the practised eyes of the Canadians and the Red-men, left but little doubt as to their fate. The utmost caution was now necessary—they could neither separate nor hunt, lest the report of their rifles should draw their enemies upon them. It took four days to perform on foot the journey, which one would have sufficed to accomplish were they in the saddle. The scanty supply of provisions which remained in their knapsacks on leaving the mountains was all they had to subsist upon, and that, on their last day’s march, was completely exhausted. However, they struggled on with courage, for home

was now but a few miles distant. The new store lay close upon their route, and thither Pennant was induced, reluctantly, to go at the earnest entreaties of his followers, to seek information and procure refreshment.

It was evening as they neared the residence of the squatter, and great was their horror to find the log-house a heap of still burning embers, the only relief to their anxiety being, that although there were no traces of the inhabitants, still no dead bodies were to be seen. After a diligent but fruitless search around the burned store, to ascertain, if possible, the fate of its late occupants, Pennant and his companions were about discontinuing their efforts, when a piece of printed paper, made fast in a cleft stump, and evidently placed there to attract observation, caught his eye. It was the remnant of an old newspaper, and on the waste space in the first page, above the title, was scrawled in almost illegible characters,

"The Indians are comin' on us, and we are retreating to Lloyd's settlement."

As he cast a second glance on the paper, an advertisement, on the heading of which the last word of the unwelcome intelligence was written, challenged his attention. It was addressed, in large letters, "To Captain Pennant, R.N.," and mentioned, "that the above-named gentleman would hear of something greatly to his advantage by applying to, or communicating with his agent in London, or Colonel Blake, of Dunseverick Castle, County —, Ireland."

Before Pennant had well finished reading, the war-whoop of the hostile Indians was heard close upon them. Hastily thrusting the paper in his pocket and snatching up his rifle, he and the entire party instantly crouched down, so as to avoid observation, and crawled, all-fours, to the shelter of a wooden paling, raised round a hog-sty, which formed a sort of entrenchment for defence. The Indians came rapidly on, they were all mounted, to the number of thirty, and as they approached, Pennant could see from his place of concealment, that his own favourite horse was ridden by the chief. There was no need of instruction or word of command to men accustomed to the frequent recurrence of such scenes—each rifle was ready in a practised hand—and when the enemy, who rode in single file, slackened their pace in front of the burnt log-house, and within a few paces of their place of concealment, the ambushed party sprang to their feet and delivered a volley which brought the ten foremost riders to the ground—the rest, panic-struck at the sudden and fatal attack, dashed on at their topmost speed, leaving their dead or wounded behind them.

At his master's call, which was given immediately after he fired, Pennant's horse returned to where he stood, the other riderless ones following him, instead of accompanying the fugitives, who, to avoid a second discharge, had turned sharply into the forest, and were out of sight before the rifles could be re-loaded. After the successful attack, he and his companions, mounted on the captured horses, proceeded towards home, at as rapid a pace as their steeds could carry them. There was now but little apprehension of any further attack, the whole body of the strangers being evidently in their rear, and in full retreat. The friendly Indians, bearing the

scalps of their dead foes, made for the wigwams of their tribe; while Pennant, with the Canadians, rode onwards towards his home—his joy may be imagined when he saw the cottage safe, and recognised his mother, surrounded by red and white friends, standing at the door, ready with open arms, to receive him. Fortunately, neither the log-house nor the neighbouring Indians were taken by surprise. The advance of the war party was discovered by the man left with the horses, who, anticipating the danger, galloped off and gave an alarm, before the enemy had time to fall upon their expected prey. Not being over-confident as to the assistance which might be rendered by his neighbours, nor well enough prepared to withstand the attack of so powerful a foe alone, the owner of the store, having first concealed his valuables, fell back upon Pennant's settlement, with the intention of rallying for mutual defence, when their forces would be increased and their means of resistance augmented—so that when the hostile Indians did appear, everything was prepared for their reception. The store-keeper and an Irish servant, with Pierre, his son, and some Red-men who had joined them, formed a garrison quite sufficient to maintain the house against any attack, no matter how numerous the assailants. The Indians came swooping along, and were allowed to approach unmolested. Then, when they thought themselves secure of their booty, a volley, fired from the windows, quickly threw them into disorder—they succeeded in carrying off some horses, and were making the best of their way back, when so seasonably intercepted at the burnt log-house.

Pennant warmly thanked the friends who had so kindly rallied to defend his mother and his property, and insisted that the white men should remain the night, as their own dwelling-place could afford them no shelter.

There was great rejoicing in the kitchen, the Irishman's stories were creating amusement, and his songs affording delight. Lloyd opened the sitting-room door, the better to hear one ditty, which seemed to absorb the entire attention of the auditory. His father's name was pronounced—that father's execution formed the burden of the ballad! He looked towards Mrs. Pennant, who sat pale and motionless.

"Even here, my mother—here, in the depths of the wilderness—our disgrace has followed us. Must we, then, abandon our new-found home and fly still farther to avoid all human contact?"

The allusion to his father's fate recalled the newspaper, which he found at the log-house, to Pennant's recollection. Taking it from his pocket, he read the advertisement again, and then came upon a paragraph, evidently referring to a previous *Gazette*, which stated "That the removal of Captain Pennant's name from the 'Navy List' was attributable to the discovery of his having been an agent of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's, and deeply implicated in the United Irish Conspiracy." It added, "that flight, without endeavouring to defend himself from the charges brought against him, and his ascertained desertion to the French, had compelled the Admiralty to a measure which it pained them to adopt against an officer who had so often distinguished himself in action."

All the particulars of his case were not given, but enough was men-

tioned to shew that he had been deprived of his rank for supposed disloyalty. Although his dismissal from the service, for absence without leave, would have been, in his circumstances a matter of indifference to him, the dishonour of treason it was impossible for him to support—and, conscious of his innocence, he determined to return to England; and vindicate his character—that object once accomplished, he would seek another retreat, as the Irishman's unfortunate ditty had altogether disgusted him with his present abode. He would leave London the moment his case was decided—and his defence would not necessitate any communication with Ireland. Mrs. Pennant made no objection to his proposal, for she hoped that, being forced by circumstances to appear in England, her son might afterwards be induced to remain there, and, perhaps, again enter society.

After a long and tedious journey, Pennant and his mother reached New York, and took their passage in a ship about to sail, under convoy, for London; their voyage was prosperous—the English coast was gained—and they proceeded up channel with a favourable wind, and every prospect of reaching their destination on the following day. But their ship, a slow sailer, not being able to keep in close company with the rest of the fleet, was surprised during the night by a French privateer, and carried into Calais. This was a sad blow to Pennant's hopes; he found means however, to forward a letter to his agent in London, apprizing him of his imprisonment, and requesting him to communicate to the Admiralty that he was captured when proceeding to London, for the express purpose of clearing himself from the imputation of treasonable conduct—no answer came, although a direction through which it could reach him was given. Supposing that his first letter had miscarried, he wrote again, with no better result—and being unable any longer to endure the state of suspense, he addressed himself to Colonel Blake—and wrote, at the same time, to the Admiralty, detailing all that occurred, and requesting the interference of the Government in his behalf, that he might at once proceed to demand an enquiry into his conduct. But his name had been removed from the "Navy List"—the administration had been changed—and the present Board, knowing nothing about him, and not caring to bring a case discreditable to the service again before the public, took no notice of his application. Old shipmates, too, who had become his fellow-prisoners, recognised him, and told his name and rank. This inopportune discovery would, perhaps, alone have proved an insuperable bar to his liberation, the French Government not being then disposed to allow an officer of his distinction to escape their grasp.

Those cruel disappointments were too much for Pennant—he endeavoured to escape—the attempt failed—and, as a matter of course, the offender was deprived of the liberty which he had abused—and committed to close confinement.

Master Mike experienced an honourable reception from the French Government, and was presented with the allowance granted by the Republic to political refugees. His bearing in the short struggle, had attracted the

attention of General Humbert and other officers of the invading expedition, who, having been exchanged, were now in France, and bore strong testimony to his claims on national sympathy; through their influence, also, he was offered a commission in the French army; but this he declined, excusing himself on the score of being too far advanced in years to perform subordinate military duty. His pension afforded him all the comforts of life—and he passed his time agreeably at Paris. One day, while lounging in the gardens of the Tuilleries, Mike was accosted by an officer, one of his former companions in arms—and with whom he had been on terms of more than ordinary intimacy during their brief campaign. An invitation to Captain Dalincourt's mother's followed the renewal of this acquaintance, and the exile soon found himself a favoured guest in a very charming family, whose house was at all times open to him, and where he had a general invitation to pass his otherwise unoccupied evenings. Captain Dalincourt often spoke of a British officer confined in one of the prisons, at which he occasionally mounted guard—but as this person was said to be an Englishman, Mike took no particular interest in his fate—and paid little attention to the conversations, which young Dalincourt recounted to his sister, as having passed between them. His thoughts were principally occupied by his relatives in London—and could they but have known the anxiety which their situation caused him, they would have acquitted Mike of inattention or ingratitude. In his present position, however, there was no possibility of communicating with them, either to explain the past, or speculate upon the future. The poor fellow had already done all that it was possible for him to do, in affording them assistance before he left Ireland—and his mind was in that respect at ease, because he felt assured that they could not then be in pecuniary difficulties. Seeing no prospect of being able to collect the arrears due upon the Dunseverick estate—and, smarting under the impatience of Colonel Blake's reiterated applications and complaints, Mike determined to sell the small remnant of his own property, and apply the produce to his kinsman's relief; a negotiation was opened for that purpose with the gentleman who had purchased the estate, subject to the annuity for life, which Mike yet enjoyed, before the troubles broke out. The price was easily agreed upon—but the final arrangement could not be completed before Mike was engaged in the rebellion. During his subsequent concealment, the sale was finally concluded, and the purchase-money—(four hundred and fifty pounds)—he at once despatched to London; he did not dare to write to Colonel Blake, as doing so would but compromise his relatives, and betray the fact of his own existence, which it was now so important for his safety to conceal. The authorities at the Post-office would be sure to open any letters addressed to that quarter, in the hope of obtaining information. Mike, therefore, determined to remit half-notes in blank sheets of letter paper to Miss Bingham, forwarding the second halves after a reasonable delay. Through this plan he hoped to ensure the safe receipt of his remittance, by those for whom it was intended, without committing his friends for holding correspondence with an outlawed traitor. To make matters more secure, the letters enclosing the money were despatched to a

distant Post-office, where they were more likely to pass unnoticed—and Mike revelled in the pleasing thought that he had provided at least one year's independence for his relatives, although he had utterly ruined himself. Unfortunately, the letters for Miss Bingham only reached London after her removal to Kensington—and Mrs. Small having hired a new servant, who knew nothing of the family, and was too lazy, or too hurried, to take the trouble of making enquiries of her mistress—they were returned to the dead-letter office by the carrier, where they remained the whole time that Kate and her uncle were suffering such mental anxiety—and there, too, they lay, after the customary examination of their contents had taken place—for, neither the name nor address of the writer being given, there was no clue to enable the Post-office functionaries to apprise him of their inability to discover the lady to whom his letters were directed.

"Well," Mike used to argue with himself, when his thoughts wandered back to the mountains, and the grouse-shooting, or ranged over the plains of Roscommon, with their splendid sod and slashing walls, where, mounted on "Lightning," he so often led the chase, amidst the exhilarating cheers of the peasantry. "Well, after all, doing what I did do, was the best thing could have happened me—I should have sold poor Lightning as well as the annuity to support Maurice—then I couldn't hunt—I'd have had nothing to maintain me; but now, so far as money matters go, I'm better off than before—and Kate and the Colonel have, at least, wherewithal to keep the wolf from the door, until the lawsuit's ended, and the estate disposed of—and then, if all turns out well, we may pass the rest of our days together.

One evening Mike sat in Madam Dalincourt's salon, listening to the merry songs of France, while his thoughts wandered far away, and he recalled to mind the touching melancholy of his native music. The Captain and some friends came in, and after the usual salutations were exchanged, Dalincourt requested his sister to favour them with the song of his imprisoned acquaintance.

"For," said he, "I love its deep pathos and noble measure."

The young lady took her harp, and Mike was roused from his abstraction by the soul-stirring melody of "Savourneen Deelish," "Erin-go-Bragh." The air was sweetly sung—although the words were pronounced with a foreign accent.

Who, when far from home and friends, ever heard the national air of Fatherland unexpectedly burst upon his ear without experiencing the most lively emotion?—who can resist yielding to the remembrances which it calls forth, of the joys, or the sorrows, identified with its well-loved strains? It may be that those magic notes recall a happy home, and add brightness to the prospect of a speedy return to its enjoyments, or they may conjure up visions of past happiness never to be felt again. Mike was peculiarly sensitive to the influence of music—he sat spell-bound while the girl sang—his eyes filled, and when she concluded he with difficulty avoided bursting into tears.

"That's a song of your own country," said the Captain, addressing

him; "you should know it, Blake, for I often heard it sung by the Irish ladies, when the prospects of their country were brighter than they are now, but"—(noticing Mike's emotion)—"cheer up, my friend, the next turn of fortune's wheel may restore you to your friends, and the Green Isle to its independence."

"Excuse my weakness, but it is difficult to repress one's feelings at an unanticipated pleasure. Did you bring the music from Ireland?"

"Not at all; I have it from my captive friend, as my sister will call the poor fellow, who plays or sings it for hours together."

"Who—and where is he?—he must, of course, be Irish?"

"No; but he has been in Ireland, and, as I imagine, obtained the music from his lady love, for I have often seen him kiss the words written at the top—he lent it to me as an extraordinary compliment, I assure you, and under solemn promise to return it when my sister should have made a copy. Could he have done so himself, I do believe he would not have parted it on any account; but pen and ink are not allowed him, and as my father procured his mother's liberty to pay visits to her relations, he felt the obligation too much to refuse the loan."

He handed the music to Mike, who started from his seat with surprise as he saw "Kate Bingham," written on the fly-leaf, in the characters of her own well known hand.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "this belonged to my own nearest and dearest relative. What's the person's name who gave it you?"

"That I can't tell you for the life of me; but you shall see the man himself, and you can then enquire."

It was very strange that a thought of Pennant never once entered Mike's mind, in connection with the song—he was not felicitous in making discoveries; and, although any other person might naturally enough have arrived at the conclusion, that Pennant alone was likely to be in possession of the treasure, Mike passed a sleepless night, puzzling his head as to who the prisoner might be. Pennant, at least, since the discovery of his parentage, was always set down by him as a compatriot, and the fact of the prisoner being an Englishman was quite sufficient to distract his thoughts from dwelling on the probability of his identity with the owner of the song. Captain Dalincourt said, that under existing circumstances it would be extremely difficult to introduce him to the prisoner, but his father's influence with the minister was, he hoped, sufficient to procure permission for his friend to visit the abbage in his company.

A foreign climate and mental anxiety had so altered Pennant's personal appearance that Mike would not have recognised him were the meeting casual. The poor prisoner's delight was unbounded at again shaking his old acquaintance by the hand, and the interview proved one of the happiest incidents of his life; for he learnt his father's supposed innocence, and heard of the constancy of his loved Kate's affections. Mike blessed the providential accident which brought him in contact with the man who, of all others in the world, he wished most to see. This discovery was a double source of pleasure to him, for not only did it promise a speedy termination

to the sufferings of his own family, but not being acquainted with Pennant's disgrace, he thought it might afford a channel through which communication could be safely effected with them.

"Wasn't it the luckiest thing," he said to himself, that night, as he sat meditating on the occurrence of the day—"Wasn't it the luckiest thing on earth that I became a rebel. If Phelim Darcy hadn't hoisted the green flag, without my knowing anything about it, perhaps I wouldn't have been here now—Pennant might have rotted in prison, and Kate oied of a broken heart."

Mike would have had his newly recovered friend despatch a letter on the moment, but since his unsuccessful attempt at escape, he was restricted from holding written communication with anyone, and the possession of writing materials were, in his case, strictly forbidden. What however, with Captain Dalincourt's interest, and his own liberal gratuities to the attendants, the prisoner's treatment became gradually less rigorous. At length, Mike was entrusted with the care of a letter to the Colonel, in which Pennant expressed his hopes, that Kate yet held him in remembrance; after much trouble and difficulty, an opportunity of transmitting it, was found; but, being unfortunately addressed to Colonel Blake's first lodgings, it shared the fate of Mike's remittances, and instead of conveying this long desired intelligence to his friends, remained thrown aside in the dead-letter office, until the usual time for investigating its contents should arrive.

In this instance, the writer's name and address were given, but that mattered little, as his situation rendered its official return difficult, and troublesome. All allusion to Mike was carefully suppressed, at his own request, lest the Colonel should be in any wise committed, by holding even indirect communication with an outlaw. At the time of Pennant's discovery by Mike, his mother was in the country, exerting herself to procure the interference of an influential personage, in behalf of her son. When she returned, the joyful news which awaited her, seemed as a presage of approaching success, in procuring the prisoner's liberation. Meantime, however, Pennant's health was suffering from protracted imprisonment—to restore him to the enjoyment of fresh air and exercise, was the first object to be accomplished. His state of health being duly certified, and his peculiar position urged as a justification for the unfortunate attempt at escape, he was at length liberated, on parole, and allowed to proceed to the sea side, accompanied by Mike, who was expected to keep a sharp watch on his movements. As residence within a fortified town, formed an absolute condition attached to the favour conceded to him, they fixed upon Calais, as the most eligible place for their purposes—still no answer came from Colonel Blake. Mike became seriously alarmed—"Could he be dead?" "In that case, what had become of Kate?" were questions he often put to himself. His uneasiness, communicated itself to his companion, and Pennant resolved, in case the Colonel's silence continued much longer, that come what might, he would again attempt to regain his liberty, and reach England. His escape might now be easily managed. Calais swarmed with privateers and smugglers, and it so happened, that while strolling about the port, he

was recognised by a fisherman, who had once fallen into his power, and had been released on his recommendation—and through this person, now embarked in the contraband trade, he had his letters conveyed to the opposite coast.

After due consideration, he determined to write once more to Colonel Blake's London address, to send a copy to his letter of Dunseverick, and at the same time to apprise Mrs. O'Mahony of what he had done, and solicit her good offices in his behalf. The latter step was a suggestion of Mike's, who knew that the good lady bore a mortal antipathy to Pincher Martin, and his uncle, Blatherwell. He doubted not but she would exert herself on this occasion, as she always did, when a friend in trouble needed assistance—and that through her instrumentality, the letter might reach Colonel Blake, and the real cause of his extraordinary silence, be satisfactorily explained.

Mrs. O'Mahony had a peculiar desire to become acquainted with the affairs of her neighbours—particularly as regarded those more important matters which were necessarily transacted at a distance. The prompt and correct information which she obtained of every mortgage that was executed, every writ that was issued, and every bill in Chancery, which was filed, often astonished the uninitiated. To gratify her propensities in this respect, she made it a point to be on good terms, if possible, with all the post-masters and post-mistresses in her neighbourhood—should her endeavours to conciliate fail, then she bullied, and waged unrelenting war. Her influence with the county members was considerable, and she exercised it chiefly in obtaining the promotion or dismissal of such of those functionaries as were prepared to oblige, or ventured to displease her. Though an unjustifiable one, this method of obtaining news, as practised by her, was a rather harmless curiosity, for she seldom revealed her discoveries, or acted upon her information, unless to use it in behalf of those about to be injured or oppressed. It may easily be supposed, that Mrs. O'Mahony was a friend, such as every candidate for, or occupant of office would willingly conciliate, and an enemy, whose wrath no one would unnecessarily incur. Her enmity to the Blatherwell family and all his offshoots, naturally suggested a close alliance with Rory Mahon, now regarded as a regular thorn in their side, from the protection which he afforded the Dunseverick tenantry, when persecuted by Sharp, and the steps which he was openly taking to acquire such information as might hereafter profit the real heir to the Martin estates, should he appear, and put forward his claims to their possession. Rory also, or rather "Mr. Mahon," (for to address him as Rory now, was considered rather *infra dig*.) had the good fortune to be a rich, and proved himself upon more than one occasion, to be a generous man too. Mrs. O'Mahony, notwithstanding her large estate, almost always, from the Captain's extravagance, needed temporary supplies of money, and the intimacy which sprang up between herself and Mahon, was consolidated by the advances which the latter never hesitated to make, when the lady's necessities required his assistance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEAVES FROM LITERARY HISTORY.

THE IRISH DRAMATISTS.

BY JEPHSON HUBAND SMITH.

WITH some people there is always a desire to have a pet phrase or saying, and with many the decline of the drama is a favourite theme, and with no other reason than the necessity to them to have such. It must be admitted that the stage has lost some of the patronage that it once enjoyed, but this is rather owing to such causes as late dinner hours and fashionable lassitude, than any decline or lack in the talent forthcoming. The drama can never die, so long as it is the means of livelihood to some thousands; so long as it is the upholder of virtue and the patron of literature, wit, and art, it must always remain amongst this country's greatest national institutions. Nor can the tribe of Mawworms perpetually declaim against its immorality, so long as every sentiment of virtue is heartily applauded by the ragged, dirty-faced urchins who nightly patronise the galleries of our theatres.

The following slight sketches will be found to comprehend the career of many struggling Irishmen, who, at the time the stage was in its greatest prosperity, and when it was frequented by the highest of the nobility, were led, either by being captivated by that entrancement that ever clings to the drama, or by the exigencies of life to go to London, seeking a wider sphere for their talents. It is the case even at the present day, and no longer ago than the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage, it was remarked in one of the daily papers, the number of Irishmen who had contributed leaders on the subject to the London press.

It is not alone as regards time that Southerne deserves one of the first places among the Irish dramatists. There were, however, some writers worthy of note prior to him. Lodowick Barry, an Irish gentleman of ancient family, wrote "Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks," a comedy, in 1611; and Henry Burnel, "Landgartha," a Tragi-Comedie, printed "as acted at the New Theatre in Dublin, 1641, with great applause," and which, Hitchcock tells us, held possession of the stage for several years. Dancer, Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, Sir John Denham, celebrated as the author of "Cowper's Hill," John Wilson, Recorder of Londonderry, Richard Head, and Nahum Tate, also preceded Southerne.

Southerne's tragedies are works of no ordinary skill. Dryden gives him a place along with Otway, and turning to his "Isabella," to which Mrs. Siddon's owed much of her early fame, or to his great "Oroonoko," or to the "Spartan Dame," we must fully see the justice of Dryden's opinion. Though these plays are left unread at the present day, yet passages from them have descended through our forefathers, to whom they were better known. For instance, what sentimental young lady does not quote from "Oroonoko," "Pity's akin to love."

Southerne made a comfortable fortune for his old age by his tragedies.

In 1725 he produced a comedy, "Money's the Mistress," which an ungrateful audience hissed most unmercifully; it was, indeed, the weak offspring of a veteran playwright, who had once enjoyed the sunshine of public favour. He was standing in the wings of the theatre when Rich, the manager, asked him if he heard what the audience were doing, "No, sir, I am very deaf," was the answer of poor Southerne.

The name of Sir Richard Steele would be an unaccountable omission in the catalogue of Ireland's dramatic sons; such comedies as the "Lying Lover," the "Tender Husband," or the "Conscious Lovers," though not altogether successful, and have been dubbed by some critics second-rate, yet they give him more than reason to claim our attention. The early intimacy that sprung up at school, and continued through after life, associates indissolubly Addison and Steele in many of their writings, and even some have doubted to whom we are to attribute the comedy of "The Drummer." Steele's attractive, amusing, and talented manners procured him friends everywhere, and when he started in life as a common soldier, his officers, appreciating his qualities, procured his commission for him. He, however, like many men of genius, died poor, in 1729.

In 1678 George Farquhar was ushered on the broad stage of public life. Farquhar was a man of many faults and many virtues. His plays, that made so much noise in their time, are now neglected, unacted, and unread on account of their coarseness. He did as many better men have done, he pandered to the corrupted taste that prevailed among the courtiers of the time of Charles II. Men who write for their daily bread are compelled by the cries of hungry children, or an insolent creditor, to write what will pay; but if, on the other side, the taste of the age is refined and moral, and the writers produce plays of that character, it is to the age, not to the authors, that praise is attributable.

At the age of sixteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin. It was here that he asked to borrow a volume from a fellow-student, who sent him a message, that he "never lent books out of his chambers, but if Farquhar chose he might come and use it as long as he liked in his rooms." Shortly after this, this gentleman sent to borrow Farquhar's bellows, a curious thing to borrow under any circumstances, to which he replied, "he never lent his bellows out of his chambers, but if he pleased he might come there and use them as long as he liked."

After leaving College he tried the stage, but was not successful on account of his weak voice, though we are told his comely figure always gained him a hearing. However, an accident, and his, perhaps, over sensitiveness, terminated his career here. He was playing the rôle of Guionar, in the "Indian Emperor," and forgetting to change his sword for a foil, in the scene in which he is supposed to kill Vasquez, he wounded, though not dangerously, Price, the actor, who played that character. After that night he acted no more. He then gave himself up to writing for the stage. He first produced "Love in a Bottle." One of his best comedies was "The Constant Couple," Sir Harry Wildair in this play being considered a perfect portraiture of a fop or a "Lord Dundreary" of the

time. This character added much to the professional reputation of Wilks, the actor, and afterwards to that of the celebrated Peg Woffington. In 1707, at the early age of twenty-nine, he felt his end approaching; he was engaged at his comedy of "The Beaux' Stratagem," which he finished in six weeks, and died as he foretold, during the run of his most successful work. He lived to see that it had succeeded, but many rounds of laughing and applause continued for many nights to resound through the theatre when the author of their amusement could hear no more. Though he thus died in the midst of his success, he did not forget those he left behind. The following short and pathetic note to Wilks was found among his papers. "Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls;—look upon them sometimes, and think of him who was the last hour of his life thine—GEORGE FARQUHAR."

Kane O'Hara we must always remember as the author of that pleasing burletta, "Midaa." Who has not seen some pretty, piquant actress as Apollo, and heard some of the good old music that O'Hara has strung together in this little trifle? The productions of his cotemporary, Brooke, were of a more ambitious character. Henry Brooke, was the author of the celebrated novel, "The Fool of Quality," and is histrionically celebrated for his great patriotic play, "Gustavus Vasa." On the night arranged for the first performance of this tragedy, the stage-bell, we may say, was going to "ring up" to present the play to the expectant audience, when the Lord Chamberlain's veto came in the last moment. The play was afterwards published by subscription, and is said by Victor to have cleared £1,000.

Charles Macklin, not less distinguished as an actor than as an author, belongs to this period. His renowned impersonation of Shylock, and the fact of his being the originator of the present tragic reading of the character entitle him fully to lay claim to the first, while his creations of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in "The Man of the World," and Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm, in "Love-a-la-Mode," place him, without doubt, among the foremost of those who are the subject of this article.

These two comedies, especially the first, rank high in stage literature. They would often be represented but for the difficulty of sustaining the Scotch dialect throughout these comedies, and also the quite accountable dislike of the Scotch of being ridiculed. This shewed itself when they were first produced; but a story is told, that when "The Man of the World" was on the stage in Dublin, that a young Scotch nobleman, who happened to be staying at the Castle, having seen the play, sent Macklin a complimentary note and a suit of laced clothes on account of the likeness of Sir Pertinax to his father.

Macklin at one time gave up the theatre, when only fifty-four, and set up a sort of tavern in Covent Garden, where all the wits of the day used to congregate. He delivered lectures there on the ancient comedy of Greece and Rome, and on the fables of Shakspeare's plays. Fota, who was a pretty constant attendant at these, too often shewed his wit in not the most good-natured manner. One night, Macklin, whose temper he had ruffled more than once, saw him there before he had begun his lecture, and

thinking that he was safe from criticism, he said, with some authority, "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir," said Foote,—"Pray, do you?"

Macklin's two comedies were brought out by Arthur Murphy, the subscriptions amounting to £1500, which was invested in an annuity of £200 for him. Murphy was one of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy and is well-known by his "Grecian Daughter," "Orphan of China," "Three weeks after Marriage," and "The Apprentice," and also as the friend of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Foote, and the other lions of the day. Though Murphy was a poet by the rule and square, as a celebrated critic has said, the "Grecian Daughter," written at the request of Barry, when grown too old to play the Romeos of our tragedies, was a noble effort. It is told that the subject was first suggested to Murphy by seeing an unfinished picture in an artist's studio, in which the sentinel is represented bursting into tears at seeing the aged father "fostered at his daughter's breast."

Coffey, author of "The Devil to Pay," and noted for performing the character of Æsop in ridicule of his own deformity, Charles Molloy and Paul Hiffernan supplied the theatres with some good comedies and farces: but at this time Hugh Kelly had introduced genteel or sentimental comedy, by his "False Delicacy," "quite a sermon—only preached in acts," which was the great success of the day. In genteel comedy the characters were all of the upper class; the plays were more moral than those antecedent, and a little more sentimental. In this kind of comedy there was no boisterous humour, and accordingly to laugh at a play at this period was deemed quite vulgar. Goldsmith tells us that this fashion had in France not only banished humour and Moliere from the stage, but it had banished the spectators too. By some persons genteel comedy was considered to invade the province of tragedy, and comedy was now no longer comic. It has been successfully ridiculed by Foote in "Piety in Pattens; or the Primitive Puppet-Show," and Garrick, in the prologue to "She Stoops to Conquer," laments that "the Comic muse, long sick is now a-dying," but adds that

"A doctor comes this night to shew his skill;
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion—
He, in five draughts prepar'd, presents a potion."

The potion had the desired effect, the play had a good run, although it was not easy to overturn the prevailing fashion. Macanlay considers Kelly's "Word to the Wise" a mawkish play, yet his productions had far greater applause in their time than Goldsmith's two comedies, which Macanlay is speaking of when he makes the remark. Hugh Kelly was a gentleman of good birth, but, from family misfortunes, was early cast upon the world, being bound as an apprentice to a stays-maker in Dublin. He afterwards made his way over to London to seek employment there and became an attorney's clerk, earning by his industry three guineas a week. He, however, grew tired of an employment so uncongenial to a man of

genius; he became editor of some now-forgotten periodicals, and began to write for the stage, bringing into fashion this new species of comedy. It was so much in favour that when the elder Colman was induced to put "She Stoops to Conquer" on the stage, the principal actors refused their parts. During the first performance, Goldsmith, who was very uneasy the whole night, fearing the failure of the piece, observed to Colman that "it would be as well to omit one of the Tony Lumpkin's speeches as it might injure the comedy;" the manager replied, "Psha, my dear doctor, do not be fearful of squibs, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder."

Goldsmith's comedy, though it now enjoys greater fame than Kelly's productions, has been censured by some critics on the ground of its improbabilities. However, it has been said that the incidents did really occur to Goldsmith himself, if that is any defence. The story is, that he was riding about the country, and it growing late, he thought of sleeping at some inn, and inquiring at the little town of Ardagh for the best house in the place, he was understood literally, and was directed to a private gentleman's house. The gentleman, happening to know his father, kept up the joke, and it was not till Goldsmith called for his bill in the morning that he discovered his error.

Isaac Bickerstaff was writing for the theatres at the same time as Murphy, whom we have already noticed. About this name there always is some little confusion occasioned by it having been assumed as a *nom de plume* by Swift and Steele, and from it being the cognomen of the author of "Love in a Village," a Ballad Opera, commended as a pleasing and truthful picture of rusticity. One of the scenes in it has been censured, as being too warmly coloured, by D. C., in the critical remarks prefixed to the acting edition, but seemingly inconsistent; a wood cut illustration from this very scene is also prefixed. Most of Bickerstaff's productions have been warmly applauded; Miss Catley appeared in this and in "the Padlock" with success. The opera of "Lionel and Clarissa" was also well received, though the number of songs in it has been objected to by Dibdin; and "the Maid and the Mill" was acted for thirty-five successive nights with continued applause.

Pilon and Jephson have both produced plays that have not been altogether forgotten. Pilon was born at Cork, in 1750, and distinguished himself there by his classical knowledge, and by his orations at a forum in that town. He was intended for the medical profession, and for the purpose of studying went to Edinburgh. He attempted the stage in that city, in the character of "Oroonoko," but was not successful; he therefore gave it up after a few years' struggling in the northern theatres, and began authorship in London, writing for the *Morning Post*. The best known of his dramatic compositions is the comedy of "He Would be a Soldier," produced at Covent Garden, 1786.

Robert Jephson was a member of the Irish House of Commons, and Master of the Horse to Lord Townsend. He was the friend of Malone, the editor of "Shakspeare," and of G. A. Bellamy, the celebrated actress,

who mentions him flatteringly to herself in her autobiography. His most noted productions are "The Count of Narbonne," "Braganza," and "Julia, or the Italian Lover." Of "Braganza," we are told by a cotemporary writer, in a "Catalogue of Five Hundred Celebrated Authors Now Living," (1788,) that it "was highly applauded by some of the *litterati* in London, and represented as the best tragedy which had been written since the days of Shakspeare." He died in 1803, leaving behind him in all some six or seven plays, besides other miscellaneous works.

Sheridan, of whom there is much to be said, both for and against, now claims our attention. Byron used to like to say, that whatever poor Sherry, (as he was familiarly called,) attempted, he succeeded in; he said that he wrote the best comedy, "The School for Scandal," the best opera, "The Duenna," and the best farce, "The Critic;" but it also must be added, that Sheridan attempted tragedy in "Pizarro," and, as it has been observed, failed miserably—that the burlesquer of tragedies, in his own farce of "The Critic," has himself unwittingly written a burlesque. Doubtless, also, his first successes in the world were owing to the notoriety occasioned by the romantic duel about Miss Linley, and it must be added that his genius was fully in proportion to this "sensation" advertisement, and we know that his fame did not die as soon as the excitement had calmed.

Many anecdotes are told of Sheridan, as of all men of his stamp—and many witty repartees are put into his mouth, of which he may have been perfectly innocent. It is related by some that Sheridan, by others that Sydney Smith, and we should not wonder by others again, that Swift was at a party where there was a gentleman "let loose on the drawing-room" from Iceland, who was telling of his wondrous adventures there—of how he saw fish swimming about in one place, and in another fish in the geysers, or hot springs, boiled and ready to be eaten. Sheridan sat quite silent, and appeared to think nothing of this, and when the traveller had concluded, said, that he was fishing in Ireland, and they came to a pool full of live fish, a few paces on was one of boiling water, in which the fish were cooked, and a little further on was one of parsley and butter. The traveller said he could not believe that at all, but he was effectually silenced for the evening.

Evening parties appear always to have been the special field for Sheridan's wit; but Moore, who seems to have rummaged his private papers in a most ruthless manner, and who has been pretty generally abused for his biography, tells us that every seeming impromptu was premeditated. He has found among his papers several rough copies and drafts of his well-known sentence in reply to Dundas:—"The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts;" in which may be traced some analogy to what was said of Kelly, the musician and wine merchant, that "he composed his wine and imported his music." To return to Sheridan's premeditation, even a memorandum was found of the exclamation, "Good God, Mr. Speaker!" which, doubtless, Sheridan used

afterwards in the House of Commons, and with great effect, owing to his dramatic talents.

Sheridan's political fame rests chiefly upon his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings, while his claims to histrionic celebrity can never be forgotten so long as we have "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "The Duenna," and the witty farce, "The Critic."

MacNally and O'Keeffe, Sheridan's cotemporaries, with him are the connecting link between the present and the last century. Leonard MacNally was a self-educated Irish barrister, who practised in England for a time, and afterwards returned to Dublin. At an early age he got a hurt in the right knee which lamed him for life, and he also, at eighteen, wounded himself in the hand. He is the author of some dozen operas and comedies.

The author of "Wild Oats" has achieved greater successes, and, notwithstanding his detractors, holds an honourable position as a dramatist or genius. O'Keeffe, being intended for a painter, studied for that purpose under West for some time, till his taste for the stage led him to forsake it. Under Mossop, the tragedian, he appeared on the Dublin stage, and with some approbation; but he also at this time aspired to authorship, by annually producing some local trifle, or a *pièce de circonstance*.

He afterwards married the daughter of Heaphy, the Father of the Irish Stage as he was called, went to London, and for twenty years supplied the London theatres with numerous pieces, among which are "Wild Oats, or the Strolling Gentleman," "The Highland Reel," "The Young Quaker," "The London Hermit," and "The Castle of Andalusia."

In his old age he became blind; in fact, it was partly his tendency to it that forced him willingly to give up the profession of painter. In 1800, at his benefit at Covent Garden, he was led on the stage by Lewis, the actor, and delivered a poetical address, consisting of eulogies on Shakspeare, and some humble allusions to himself. It is told that he spoke so modestly and with so much simplicity, that it completely won the feelings of the audience.

Richard Lalor Sheil, the able orator and politician, celebrated as a playwright by his beautiful play of "Evadne" and "The Apostate," was called to the Irish bar in 1814, and for several years distinguished himself on many public occasions. He was zealous in the cause of the "Catholic Association," in 1822; and in 1850, as a last honour, he was sent as her Majesty's minister to the Court of Tuscany, where he died in 1851.

Last on our list, and we may well add the denial of the alliterative, not least, is Sheridan Knowles, who has just departed from amongst us.

He was born at Cork, 1784. In his early years he thought at one time of the army, and obtained a commission. He afterwards turned his attention to the medical profession, but ultimately went on the boards of Crowstreet Theatre, Dublin. He never, however, gained much fame as an actor, and even in after life, when he appeared in his own creations, the houses that he drew were owing rather to his fame as an author than to his merit as an actor.

At Belfast he had much success as a teacher of elocution. It was

while here that he originally published his earlier plays. "Brian Boroihme" appeared first, followed by "Caius Gracchus," and afterwards "Virginia." It was this latter play that discovered to the world Sheridan Knowles's talent. It is said that it was intended for Charles Kean, and to have been produced at Drury-lane; for some reason it was put on the stage at Edinburgh, under less auspicious circumstances; fortunately, Macready saw the merit of the play, and having appeared in the principal character, it made the name of the author and the actor. Kean afterwards gave Knowles £500 for the "Rose of Arragon," in which he performed along with Phelps, at the Haymarket, in 1842. Subsequently appeared his well-known "William Tell," "The Beggar of Bethnal-green," "The Hunchback," "The Wife," "Love," &c.

He was twice married; his first wife was a Miss Charteris, who he married while a young actor at Waterford; afterwards he was married to the well-known actress, Miss Elphinstone. In his old age he obtained, by the exertions of a number of dramatic authors and others, a pension of £200, in recognition of his literary services to the country. Though much troubled by rheumatism, he lived to the good old age of seventy-nine. He died at Torquay, December, 1862.

THE NIGHT-FLOWERING TREE.

THE "Night-Flowering," or Sorrowful Tree, opens its first bud when the first star is seen in the evening sky; and while other stars are gradually coming into view it continues unfolding its beautiful blossoms until the whole tree presents the appearance of one immense flower. On the approach of morning, when the brilliancy of the stars begins to fade, the Sorrowful Tree closes its flowers; and when the first beam of the rising sun appears, not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust covers the ground at the foot of the tree, which seems withered during the day.

Far away, beaming bright in the western sky,
The first star of eve opens his beautiful eye;
So sweet, so inviting the look he bestows
On earth's proudest blossom, the redolent rose;
Tho' that languishing flower had closed ev'ry bell,
And given to her co-mates their ev'ning farewell,
She opens to that fair star her joy-lighted eye,
And smiling a welcome, then sleeps with a sigh.

Now behold! the first bud of the Sorrowful Tree,
Like a prisoned wild bird, from its bondage set free,
Has burst into bloom; laughs in freedom and gladness:
With delight smiles at Hesper whose ray lit her up;
While gambolling fays, that thro' day moped in sadness,
All revelling, drink of its dew-brimming cup.

See! another star's peeping, another bud's leaping
From out its soft cradle of unfolding leaves;
And still, as appears a new star 'mid the spheres,
The Sorrowful Tree a new blossom receives.
And now 'tis deep night; and the glittering Pole
Is white with the lustre of heav'n's myriad eyes;
And fast as the stars from immensity roll
So fast this proud tree a star-rival supplies;

Until ev'ry branch, ev'ry twig, every leaf,
Bears a fragrant white plume, yields a mild essence sweet;
Then the Sorrowful Tree shews no emblem of grief,
As the stars and star-blossoms seem each other to greet;

What a beautiful sight! one huge snow-blossom'd flow'r,
With a hue, such as tinges the young cowslip's bell,
Breathing perfume for 'angels thro' night's lonely hour,
While sleep seals day flowers in garden and dell.

Soon, soon comes a change; lo! yon star 'gins to pale;
From the Sorrowful Tree drops a star-blossom down;
The gay twinkling beams of fair Hesperus fail,
And blue gems are falling from Night's stellar crown.

Why close these sweet blooms? Not a breath fans us here,
Still they're drooping, like overripe fruit to the earth—
And see! in the East, streaks of morning appear,
Ah! the kiss of fresh morning will bring them new birth.

No, they're dropping—the last ling'ring stars have just gone—
Strange tree! as they fade, fade thy bright blossoms too;
And long ere Aurora her rose-veil puts on,
Thy glories have passed off as yesterday's dew.

Behold! the young sun gilds the orient hills,
And the Sorrowful Tree, blossomless, looks on the ground,
And she mourns at the sight, anguish deep her heart fills,
Ah! her beautiful night-flow'rs are strewn all around;
And she weeps thro' the day; but when evening appears.
Once again she prepares to unfold her white blooms:
And the joys of the night quite absorb her day-tears,
While her griefs are forgot 'tween the stars and perfumes.

JOHN DUGGAN.

THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

ON Monday, the 22nd of October, 1645, an armed frigate, with the "*fleur-de-lis*" flying at the main, and carrying at her prow a gilded figure-head of St. Peter, dropped anchor at the mouth of Kenmare river, not far from the point where it falls into the lovely bay to which it gives its name. Soon afterwards a boat was seen pulling shoreward, and a few shepherds, who were attracted to the beach by the sight of the large ship, could easily discern that the party approaching were strangers, and that one among them was a personage of high distinction—an ecclesiastic dressed in costume with which they were not familiar—accompanied by a retinue of twenty-six individuals, whose garb and features left no doubt that they too were natives of a foreign clime. Scarcely had the boat touched land, when the whole party proceeded to a shieling, which the poor shepherds had erected to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, and set about preparing for the celebration of Mass. It was the feast of St. Philip, bishop of Fermo—an episcopal city in the pontifical states—and he who now robed himself for the holy sacrifice was John Baptist Rinuccini, prince bishop of that see, and nunzio extraordinary, sent by Innocent X. to the Irish Catholics, then in arms for their king, religion, and country. Good reason had Rinuccini to be grateful to God for having enabled him to reach the shores of Munster in safety, for, indeed, the frigate in which he sailed was nigh falling into the hands of one Plunket, a renegade Irishman, who commanded the Parliament squadron then cruising in the Irish channel, and who pursued the St. Peter with two of his vessels fully a hundred miles, till a fire breaking out in the galley of his own ship, compelled him to shorten sail, and abandon the chase. 'Tis certain that the nunzio's frigate would have shewn fight had she come within range of Plunket's guns, for he tells us that the St. Peter's carronades were cast loose and shotted, and that the Irish—most of whom were soldiers and officers who had fought in the Netherlands, under Preston and O'Neill, and were now returning home to serve in the confederate ranks—declared that they would rather die in action and be buried in the sea, than fall into the hands of the fanatical Puritans, from whom they could expect no quarter. The chances, indeed, were all against the St. Peter, for Plunket's frigate carried heavier metal, had a larger number of hands, and was in every respect better equipped for emergencies. The fire, however, on board the Parliament vessel saved the nunzio, who—like his retinue—was already half-dead of sea-sickness—from becoming a prize to Plunket; and we can easily imagine how the latter cursed the accident that caused him to lose the St. Peter with her rich freight of gold and silver, arms and ammunition, destined for the use of the confederated Irish Catholics, to say nothing of the person of the Pope's nunzio, who, had his own forecastings been realized, should of neces-

sity have resigned his high function for a prison in the Tower of London. Rinuccini attributed his escape to the special guardianship of him whose image decorated the prow of his frigate ; but, be that as it may, the fire in Plunket's cooking galley will account for it proximately.

Having duly celebrated Mass of thanksgiving in the shieling, in the presence of his retinue and the shepherds, the nunzio had a large portion of the arms and ammunition, and all the money brought ashore, and finding no safe place for storage nearer or more secure than the old castle of Ard-tully, he converted it into a temporary magazine, and then ordered the St. Peter to weigh for Waterford, and discharge the residue of her freight in that friendly haven. The wind, however, proving contrary, the vessel had to make for Dingle, where the arms were landed, and soon afterwards sent on to Limerick, in order to save them from the enemies of the confederates, who, by way of retaliation for not having Rinuccini himself in person, were intent on capturing them. After remaining two days in the shepherds' hut, the nunzio proceeded by slow marches to Limerick, keeping clear of the high roads, and escorted by detachments of confederate cavalry, commanded by Richard Butler, brother of the Marquis of Ormond, who was specially appointed to that duty, as soon as Bellings, secretary to the Supreme Council, had announced his arrival in Ireland.

On the last day of October (1645), Rinuccini entered the city of Limerick, at whose gate he was met by the clergy, the municipal, and military authorities, who, in solemn procession, preceded him to the ancient cathedral, where Richard Arthur, bishop of the see, awaited his arrival. The venerable prelate, then far advanced in years, and in broken health, was habited in rich pontificalia, and the nunzio, familiar as he was in his own country with all that is gorgeous in church costume, could not but admire the splendid crozier and mitre which Dr. Arthur used in the solemn function of receiving the Pope's ambassador on the threshold of his metropolitan church.

So highly appreciated at that period were the mitre and crozier of Limerick—made for Cornelius O'Dea, bishop of the see, in 1418,—that they were generally supposed to have been the work of some celestial artificer, and not of mortal hands ; “ for,” so ran the legend popularly believed at that time, “ on one occasion, when there was a synod of prelates in Dublin, it so happened that the Bishop of Limerick went thither without his pontificals, and was thus compelled to seek throughout the metropolis a crozier and mitre. At length, when he had given up all hope of getting either, a youth just landed from a ship, which a few moments before had entered the harbour, approached and presented to the bishop a case, in which he told him he would find what he was looking for, adding, that if he liked them he might keep them. The bishop could not but like the rich silver crozier and exquisitely elaborated mitre, and when he sent a messenger in hot haste after the stranger to pay whatever he might demand for such precious objects, lo, the ship had weighed anchor, and vanished beyond the horizon ! The mitre,” says the authority from which the legend is quoted, “ was entrusted to a wealthy Catholic merchant,

to keep it from falling into the hands of the Reformers, but he abstracted some of its precious stones and replaced them with false ones, a sacrilege which heaven avenged on his posterity, for they all died in misery." To return to the venerable prelate, who, as we have already said, was then aged and in failing health, we may observe that he belonged to a family which already had given a prelate to the see of Limerick, at the close of the fifteenth century, and that his near kinsman, James Arthur, a Dominican friar—and author of a Commentary on the Works of St. Thomas Aquinas, was acquiring world-wide renown in Spain and Portugal, where he taught divinity in various schools of his order, some years previous to the bishop's death.*

We have thus *briefly* alluded to Richard Arthur, because he did not live to take a prominent part in the momentous transactions which followed the nunzio's arrival in Ireland. It will not, however, be out of place to state here, that he was consecrated by David Rothe, Bishop of Ossory, on the 7th September, 1623—the Bishop of Cork, and Luke Archer, Abbot of Holy Cross, assisting at the ceremony—and that he died on the 23rd May, 1646, and was buried in the tomb of his predecessors, in his own cathedral of Limerick, then recently restored to the uses of that religion for which it was erected. Let us, moreover, mention, as one of the most memorable incidents in this prelate's life, that it was he who conferred priest's orders on the celebrated John Lynch, (Lucius Gratianus,) author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*," "*Icon Antistitis*," "*Alithinologia*," and other works by which that distinguished Irish ecclesiastic has attained imperishable celebrity.

The prelate who was destined to succeed Richard Arthur, and to occupy a much larger space in the history of his unfortunate country, was Edmond O'Dwyer, a native of the county of Limerick, who had distinguished himself during his collegiate course at Rouen, where he studied philosophy, and at the Sorbonne, where he won character for profound knowledge of theology. Soon after obtaining the degree of doctor in divinity at Rheims, he returned to Ireland, and became acquainted with Malachy O'Queely, then Vicar Apostolic of Killaloe, and, as we shall see, the intimacy thus formed at the commencement of O'Dwyer's missionary career, ripened into a warm friendship, which terminated only with the life of the former, many years after he had been promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Tuam. In fact, such was the Archbishop's confidence in O'Dwyer, that he sent him to Rome, as his proctor, in 1644, and made him the bearer of a report on the state of his archdiocese, which he drew up for the Congregation de Propaganda Fide. Along with this valuable document O'Dwyer was entrusted with a memorial from the Supreme Council of the Confederates, praying his Holiness Urban VIII. to bestow a Cardinal's hat on Luke Wadding, in consideration of the great services he had rendered to the Irish Catholics then in arms. Pope Urban, however, died before O'Dwyer reached Rome, and the memorial signed by O'Queely, Walsh, Archbishop

* "He died," says Ware, "in the Royal Convent of St. Dominic, in Lisbon, about 1670."

of Cashel; Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin; Lords Castlehaven, Fermoy, Netterville, and others, fell into the hands of F. Luke, who, instead of having it presented to Innocent X., the late Pontiff's successor, modestly buried it in the archives of St. Isidore's, where it remains to the present day. The high opinion which the Supreme Council entertained of O'Dwyer, whom they styled in their memorial a "Doctor of Divinity, and an ocular witness of their proceedings," to say nothing of the commendations of Archbishop O'Queely, must have had great weight with the College of Cardinals, for, on reaching Paris, on his way to Ireland, after some months' sojourn in Rome, a Bull was despatched to the French nunzio, nominating the Irish priest coadjutor to the then *decrepit* bishop of Limerick. O'Dwyer made no difficulty about accepting the exalted dignity which the Holy See conferred on him, and he was therefore duly consecrated by the Bishop of Senlis, in the church of St. Lazarre, on Sunday the 7th of May, 1645.

Having purchased a goodly supply of vestments, books, and other requirements for the diocese of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer set out for Ireland, from one of the French ports; but he had not been many days at sea when the ship in which he sailed was captured by a Turkish corsair, who carried him and his fellow-passengers as a prize to Smyrna. The bishop, however, when he saw that there was no chance of escaping the pirate, divested himself of all the insignia of his rank, and heaved overboard the valuable vestments and other sacred objects which he had collected at Paris, and which he knew would be desecrated, had the Turks got possession of them. On reaching Smyrna, he was sold as a slave, and condemned to work at a mill, with a mask on his face to prevent him eating the flour; and in this condition he might have lived and died, were it not for a contingency which seems almost miraculous. An Irish lady, wife of a French merchant, then living at Smyrna, happened to visit the mill, and on discovering that the poor captive was a countryman of her own, and a bishop in reluctant disguise, she lost no time in reporting the fact to her husband, who at once paid a ransom for the prisoner, and sent him back to France, where he soon replaced the sacred furniture which he had flung into the sea, as we have already stated. O'Dwyer returned to Ireland early in the year 1646, and, be it recorded to his honour, he was the first bishop who introduced the missionaries of Vincent de Paul to this country. As a matter of course, he joined the Supreme Council of the Confederates as spiritual peer, and in that capacity secured for himself the esteem of the Pope's nunzio, who, in one of his earliest despatches to the Roman Court, speaks of him in a strain of the highest praise. Another letter, dated Limerick, July 16, 1646, and addressed by the same personage to Cardinal Panfilio, mentions the Bishop of Limerick, taking part in the grand function solemnized in his cathedral, in thanksgiving for the memorable victory which Owen O'Neill had won at Benburb, on the 5th of the preceding month. "At four o'clock, p.m.," writes the nunzio, "the procession moved from the Church of St. Francis, where the thirty-two stands of colours, (taken from the Scotch,) had been deposited. The garrison of Limerick led the van, and the captured colours were carried by the nobility of

the city. Then followed the nunzio, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishops of Limerick, of Clonfert, and Ardfer, and after them the Supreme Council, the mayor and magistrates in their official robes. The people crowded the streets and windows, and as soon as the procession reached the cathedral, *Te Deum* was sung by the nunzio's choir, and he pronounced the usual prayers, concluding the ceremony with solemn benediction. Next morning Mass *pro gratiarum actione* was sung by the Dean of Fermo, in presence of the aforesaid bishops and magistrates."

It might, perhaps, have been fortunate for Dr. O'Dwyer to have died at that hour of his country's transient triumph; but, as we shall see, he was doomed to taste bitterness and sorrow at home and abroad, and to find his last resting-place far away from the old cathedral where his predecessors were entombed. Pious and zealous he was, no doubt, in the discharge of his high office, and none could gainsay the holiness of his life; but, as years sped onwards, and as the fortunes of the confederates waned, he unhappily proved himself in the politics of the period weak and vacillating. His conduct will not suffer us to doubt this, for instead of adopting Rinuccini's bold and honest policy, which spurned mere toleration of the Catholic religion, Dr. O'Dwyer allowed himself to be duped by the artifices of the lay members of the Supreme Council, most of whom were identified either by blood or by sordid egotism with the crafty enemy of their creed and race—James, Marquis of Ormond. In fact, the Bishop, with several others of his own order, allied himself to Ormond's faction, signed the fatal truce with Lord Inchiquin, and thus deserted the straightforward course which Rinuccini and the old Irish strove to maintain. "For the last eighteen months," writes the Nunzio, (in 1648,) "the Bishop of Limerick, to my utter amazement and that of every one else, has devoted himself to the party of Lord Ormond, and this, indeed, is a sorry return for the benefits bestowed on him by the Holy See; but he has had his reward, for he is now the object of universal odium, and has separated himself from the sound politics of the rest of the clergy." Six months had hardly elapsed since these words were penned, when Rinuccini, finding it impossible to harmonize the adverse factions which he strove to govern or to bring about a solidarity of interests for the general good, deemed it necessary to abandon a country whose feuds were precipitating it to irretrievable ruin. For some, the last and direst weapon in the Church's armoury had no terror, and, unhappily for Dr. O'Dwyer, he was one of the few bishops, who, despite the nunzio's censures, foolishly adhered to the party of Lord Ormond. With the theological controversies that agitated Ireland after the nunzio's departure, touching the censures—excommunication and interdict—in all of which Dr. O'Dwyer took a prominent part, we have nothing to do in this paper, our object being simply to give an outline of his eventful life till its close in a foreign land. Pretermittting, therefore, much that could not interest the general reader, we may state, to the Bishop's credit, that during those awful months, when Ireton beleaguered Limerick from without, and pestilence swept off the famished population within the walls, there was no braver man among the besieged than their spiritual chief. He exhorted the

inhabitants to hold out to the last extremity, and to lay down their lives rather than yield to the lieutenant of the man who could shew no mercy either at Drogheda or in Wexford. Fully conscious of the doom that awaited such gallant resistance, a multitude of the citizens waited on the bishop, and besought him to give them permission to blow themselves up, rather than fall alive into the hands of their enemies; but he dissuaded them from such a suicidal project, telling them that it was nobler to die with arms in their hands, than to rush uncalled into the awful presence of God. At last, when Limerick was forced to capitulate to Ireton, (who was indebted for his success to the black treason of one of Rinuccini's most implacable enemies,) Dr. O'Dwer, finding that he was excepted from quarter, disguised himself in peasant's garb, and having smeared his face with gunpowder, passed unnoticed out of one of the city gates, and eventually contrived to make his way to Brussels, where he lived till 1654, eating the salty bread of exile, and, as we may suppose, regretting with his latest sigh the fatal error that helped to bring ruin on his unfortunate country. On the night of the 6th of April, 1654, his remains, followed by a few torch-bearers, were conveyed from the convent, in which he breathed his last, to the Church of St. James, in the above-named city, and were there deposited in the subterranean chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, without a single line to record his virtues or his failings. A career such as his, under other circumstances, would surely have been thought worthy an epitaph—that last of human vanities; but the nocturnal funeral, divested of all ghastly pomp, and the nameless grave will be sufficiently accounted for by the nunzio's censures.

In accordance with the plan we proposed to ourselves when commencing these notices of the Irish prelates of the seventeenth century, we now return to the venerable cathedral of Limerick, where we left Rinuccini receiving from Dr. Arthur all the honours prescribed by the ritual for so solemn an occasion as that when the Pope's accredited ambassador makes his first appearance in a town or city. A few days had hardly passed since that memorable event, when news reached the nunzio that the most distinguished of the Irish archbishops—the one in whom, according to his instructions, he was to repose most confidence, and whom he was to consult on all occasions of great moment—had been slain in an inglorious skirmish near Ballysedare, in the County Sligo. Sad intelligence, indeed, was this for Rinuccini at the outset of his career, and we can easily imagine how the joy with which his arrival was greeted in Limerick must have been dashed when he found himself called upon to celebrate the obsequies of Malachy O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam, in that very cathedral where, a few days previously, his band of Italian choristers chanted "*Te Deum*," in presence of a vast multitude, who never before had listened to such thrilling harmony. All the festive adornments of the cathedral were now replaced with mournful emblems of mortality, the altars and columns were draped in black, and the nunzio, assisted by the aged Arthur, sang Mass of requiem for the heroic soul of the grand

archprelate whom he was not destined to meet in this world. Having left Limerick a few days afterwards, Rinuccini caused the same honours to be paid to the deceased archbishop in St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, about the middle of November, 1645, when all Ireland was plunged in grief for the loss of such an illustrious champion of her faith.

Malachy O'Queely, son of Donatus, was a native of the county Clare, and lineally descended from the lords of Conmacne-mara, where they ruled as princes long before and after the Anglo-Norman invasion. A chieftain of this race marched with Brien Borumha to Clontarf, in 1014, and centuries afterwards the name was famous in Bardic story—

“Over Conmacne-mara great
Was O'Cadhla, friend of banquets.”

Was it not natural that even a *prelate* of such a race should inherit the grand characteristics of his ancestors—valour and hospitality?

Malachy, when a mere youth, went to Paris, where he studied in the College of Navarre, and took the degree of doctor in divinity. On his return to Ireland, he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Killaloe, and, finally was, by Thomas Walsh, Archbishop of Cashel, consecrated successor to Florence Conry, in the archiepiscopal see of Tuam, on the 11th of October, 1631. The prelates who assisted on this occasion were Richard Arthur, of Limerick, and Boetius Egan, of Elphin; and the ceremony took place at Galway. A curious incident, which we may not omit to mention, occurred on the day named for O'Queely's consecration. The archbishop elect had received from Rome an *apograph* of the Bull, nominating him to the vacant see; and on presenting it to the officiating prelate, the latter, after demurring for some time, finally refused to proceed with the ceremony, till the autograph instrument should be submitted to his scrutiny. 'Twas a moment of great embarrassment for all the parties concerned, and as they were about to retire from the church, a priest, who landed from a ship which had just then dropped anchor in the bay, rushed into their presence, and handed to Dr. Arthur the authentic Bulls. In 1632, the year immediately following his elevation, O'Queely presided at a synod in Galway, for removing abuses and enforcing the decrees of the Council of Trent; and in the interval between the lastnamed period and the Rising of 1641, he devoted himself with singular zeal to the discharge of his high office, consoling and enlightening the flock committed to his charge, then sadly harassed by the tyrannical proceedings of lord-deputy Strafford. Nor should we omit to state that O'Queely's appointment to Tuam was at first badly received by the province over which he was named chief pastor, many alleging that none but a native of Connaught ought to have been raised to the Archiepiscopal See; but in progress of time his generosity and open-heartedness silenced the malcontents, and won for him the esteem and love of all classes. In 1641, when the people rose to shake off the intolerable oppression under which they had so long groaned, O'Queely took his place

among them, not indeed as a military chief, but rather with a view to repress tumultuary assaults, and save the Protestant portion of the community from pillage and insult. For this laudable object he raised a regiment which was officered by the O'Flaherties and others of the Connaught gentry, whose zeal for their religion and the false-hearted Charles I. was crowned with a temporary triumph, though sadly requited by the son and successor of that unhappy monarch. In all the transactions of the confederates O'Queely, then president of Connaught, was regarded as a high authority, and not only by them but by the court of Rome; for, as we have already observed, the instructions given to Rinuccini by Innocent X. marked out the archbishop as the fittest person for his guidance. "Although each of the four archbishops," says the document we have named, "is remarkable for zeal, nevertheless, he of Tuam is to be your confidant, and among the *bishops* he of Clogher." The last appearance of Dr. O'Queely in the general assembly at Kilkenny was in October, 1645, the month of the nunzio's arrival in Ireland, and the same in which the ferocious Coote was appointed by the Parliamentarians President of Connaught, with a commission "to extirpate the Irish Papists by fire and sword." Sligo at that time had fallen into the hands of the Scotch Covenanters, and the Supreme Council of the confederates, wishing to recover a maritime town which enabled their enemies to land men and munitions of war, resolved to recover it if possible. As a spiritual peer, O'Queely voted supplies for the undertaking, and immediately set out with the forces destined for the expedition, which was commanded by Lord Taaffe and Sir James Dillon. On leaving Kilkenny, the Archbishop's mind was overclouded by sinister omens, and he not only removed all his baggage, but bade adieu to each of his friends, telling them that he was destined to never see them again. On crossing the Shannon, he was met by a vast concourse of the people, who came to look their last on him, for there was then rife among them an old prophecy concerning the violent death of one of St. Jarlath's successors, and it was popularly believed that the prediction was to be fulfilled in the person of O'Queely. Indeed, he himself seems to have given it credit, for a few years before, whilst being punctured for a dropsical affection, he told Dr. Nicholson, his medical attendant, that the prophecy was to be fulfilled in him, and that he had not long to live. The nunzio, too, in his despatches, alludes to the prediction, remarking that the Irish were much given to the "folly (*vanità*) of prophesying." On Sunday, 17th October, (1645,) the Irish troops encamped in the vicinity of Ballysedere, and so confident were Taaffe and Dillon of the safety of their position, that they accepted on that fatal day an invitation to dine with the Archbishop, who, always proverbial for hospitality, had also invited all the other officers to his table. It was during this merry-making that Sir Charles Coote, Sir William Cole, and Sir Francis Hamilton, had intelligence of the loose discipline observable in the confederate camp, and taking advantage of the information they swooped down unexpectedly with a large force, and before the Irish could arm themselves, put them to flight and cut them up fearfully. In this extremity Dillon told the Archbishop to save himself as best he

could, but being *obese and of great stature*, he lacked the necessary speed. His faithful secretary, F. Thady O'Connell, of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustin and another priest, lost their lives endeavouring to protect him from the Scotch, who, ignorant of the prize which they had within their grasp, hewed him to pieces with their claymores after wounding him with a pistol-shot in the loins. The list of prisoners made in this sad raid, shews that the Archbishop was accompanied by some of the foremost men in Connaught, for it mentions, amongst others, Murragh-na-do, O'Flahertie, William O'Shaughnessy, and Captain Garrett Dillon, son to Sir Lucas Dillon, who stated that his father was shot in the thigh. Intelligence of this unfortunate event, (which the Puritans styled, "Good News from Ireland,") was immediately forwarded to both Houses of Parliament, and that very quaint bulletin tells us that, "the Irish forces amounted to 1,000 foot and 300 horse. In the pursuit," says the writer, "their commander and president of that province was slain—the titular Archbishop of Tuam, who was a principal agent in these wars—divers papers were found in his carriage; he had for his own particular use an order from the Council at Kilkenny for levying the arrears of his bishopric, and the Pope's Bull and letter from Rome. The Pope would not at first engage himself for the sending of a nuncio for Ireland, until the Irish agents had fully persuaded him that the re-establishment of the Catholic religion was a thing feasible in this kingdom, whereupon he undertook the solicitation of their cause with Florence, Venice, and other estates, and to delegate his nunzio to attend to the affairs of this kingdom." In the Archbishop's baggage was found the private treaty which Charles I. empowered Lord Glamorgan to negotiate with the confederates, and the discovery of this important document, we need hardly say, helped to exasperate the Puritans against the unfortunate king.

As soon as the Scotch discovered the high rank of the individual whose mutilated corse was left on the road-side, they demanded a sum of thirty pounds before surrendering it, and when the money was paid by Walter Lynch, he caused the remains to be dressed in pontifical robes, and conveyed to Tuam, where Mass for the deceased was duly celebrated in presence of a vast crowd, who bitterly lamented their well loved archbishop. Unfortunately, there is no record of the place of O'Queely's interment, but we have it on the authority of one who was personally acquainted with him, that some years afterwards when his bones were disturbed—in making a grave for another—Brigid Lady Athenry, wife of Francis, 19th lord of that title, and daughter of Sir Lucas Dillon, of Lough Glynn, in the county Roscommon, happening to be then in Tuam, caused all that remained of the Archbishop to be reinterred in some place known only to herself and the pious few who were employed to perform that charitable work. There is little to be said of O'Queely's literary tastes or labours, but we may state that they were appreciated by John Colgan, who was indebted to him for the "Description of the Three Islands of Arran and their Churches," which the learned Franciscan published in his "Acta S.S. Hib., p. 714. This valuable communication and a description of the churches and other sacred

edifices in the archdiocese of Tuam, must have been compiled by the Archbishop a short time previous to his death. Lamented by every true lover of his country, none could have been more keenly sensible of his loss than was the nunzio, who in his despatches to Cardinal Panfilio, speaks of him in most pathetic terms, asserting that he had lost his life in actual defence of the faith, and that the supreme council had thus sustained a terrible calamity as no one could be found competent to replace such a prelate either in the civil or the military department. "Verily," concludes the nunzio, "he has closed his career gloriously, and won for himself in heaven a reward commensurate with his labours."* In concluding this brief memoir, we have only to add that an inspired son of genius,† who esteemed the Archbishop's noble character, and who would fain have erected a monument to him, had he known where his remains lay mouldering, has left us the subjoined epitaph, hoping, perhaps, that it might one day be inscribed on his tomb, should some fortunate accident ever clear away the mystery that wraps his forgotten grave.

"PRÆSULIS HIC MULTO LANIATUM VULNETE CORPUS,
CANITIESQUE SACRO SANGUINE SPARSA JACET.
PRO REGE NON RENUIT VITAM PROFUNDERE PASTOR,
QUAM BENE PASTOREM MORS ISTA DECET BONUM.
PURPUREI FULGETE PATRES IN MURICE, SANGUIS
FULCHRIUS HIC VESTRI MURICIS IGNE RUBET."

M.

* Nunziatura, pp. 69, 70.

† Edmond O'Meara, M.D., who died about 1680.

There is an admirable facsimile of O'Queely's autograph in Bindon's Catalogue of Irish MSS., now in the Burgundian Library, Brussels.

We have just been informed that a lineal descendant of the Archbishop's brother, residing near Tuam, has in his possession a valuable chalice bearing the following inscription "Malachias O'Queelen's Sanctæ Theologiæ Parisiensis doctor, et Tuamensis Archiepiscopus fieri fecit hunc calicem pro conventu fratrum, Min. de Rossirill, 1640." For an account of the convent of Rosserilly we refer our readers to vol. iii., p. 236, (first series,) of this Magazine.

THE MOORLAND BRIDGE.

RED and gray, below the misty highlands—
Below the highland twilights cold and blue,
Spread the reaches of the barren moorland,
Dusked with berried ash and spectral yew.
Dim and sluggish winds the moorland river,
Islanding black drifts of whistling sedge,
Through the marshes, sentinelled by herons,
Through the long arch of the drowsy bridge.

Sitting here amid the moorland silence,
Dark with wastes of melancholy cloud—
Inland mists that teem with wind and lightning,
When the roaring spring is piping loud.
Far I see vague figures in the dimness,
Where the brown heaths in the sad light gleam,
Toiling onward to the bridge that lieth
Like the sunken rainbow of a dream.

Girls, with gay hoods sneeding o'er their shoulders,
Pacing lightly to the distant town,
Their sweet brows at intervals half hidden
By the shifting veils of ringlets brown.
There they stand a moment by the keystone,
Gazing doubtful on the stream below,
On the yellow leaves of tender Autumn,—
Lilies sliding like unmelted snow.

And the carrier, jangling whip and harness,
Drives his beasts up from the thickening haze,
Where the granite crags for ever toppling,
Front the sun through all the moorland days.
Blithe is he, and rich in jests and carols ;
Slim the blue smoke curleth from his mouth,
And his brain is stuffed with pleasant gossip
Of the city shining in the south.

From the distant land of spotted pastures,
Low but swift, a whirling cloud is rolled,
And the great cloud in the middle heaven
Breaks its bulk in falling fold and fold.
Lo ! the gaunt yews in the brightness quiver,
And a fire is kindled in the west,
Where the long hills hide their shattered summits
In a misty atmosphere of rest.

Downward from the hamlet troop the children—
Downward to the black marge of the flood,
Casting on its gray, mysterious waters
Pine-cones gathered in the upland wood.
Tiniest laughs tinkle in the archway—
Tinkle silvery upon the breeze,
Whilst the berried ashes chafe their branches,
Smiting from their boughs dead melodies.

Who are those that come in festal raiment,
Up the dry reach of the sun-white road,
Crimson glittering on their apparel,
Gay bells jangling round their foreheads broad ?

Fugitives are they whose airy temple
 Sometimes by village hostel springs,
 Fools whose wild mirth in the winter night-time!
 Makes us merry with the griefs of kings.

On and on the sluggish stream pursueth,
 Crooked ways by blasted heath and wold;
 And the vagrant fiddler walks beside it,
 Slender-fingered, querulous and old.
 Hark! it is his violin that twitters
 As he pauses on the hamlet ridge;
 With his face unto the distant seaport,
 And his shadow backward to the bridge.

Night upon the dreary, sighing moorlands,
 And the sleeping clouds seeming falling nigh;
 Overhead a white reflection broodeth
 In the aching stillness of the sky.
 In the long sedge by the ghostly river
 Tangled currents sing a haunted tune,
 Waiting for the blessing of the starlight
 And the blank, bright glory of the moon.

Lo! she rises, pallid and mysterious
 Level with the broad reach of the wold,
 Lo! she climbs, and half the sluggish river
 Blooms the darkness with a stream of gold.
 Stars are thickening in the tender evening,
 Jewels glitter in the moist dank sedge,
 And a pearly splendour shakes and glimmers,
 Through the wild span of the moorland bridge.

C.

AN UNINHABITED ISLAND.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

FRIEND, we are not about to transport you to the Pacific, or to any other very distant ocean, sea, gulf, or lake. No doubt, the heading of this article will suggest to many of our readers visions of lagoons, ban-yan-trees, coral-reefs, extraordinary birds and reptiles, mermaids, etc., etc.; but with such foreign subjects, or myths, we have at present nothing to do. Any one who may feel disappointed is most respectfully referred to the narrative of "Cook's Voyages," or to "Robinson Crusoe;" should he have read the latter let him study it again, for it is a story which, as the old gossips say, "will bear repeating." Even with the aid of a sea-slang dictionary,

we fear we could not *do* the foreign island, never having had the opportunity of seeing one. Our "ship ahoy!—Land on the larboard bow!—a strange rakish-looking sail to windward!" and other nautical literary "properties" would, we fear, be awkwardly sustained. We shall not go further than the Galway coast, nor attempt more than to pen a few recollections of a tour made, some years ago, in company with the late Dr. O'Donovan, when we were both engaged upon the topographical department of the Ordnance Survey. Our head-quarters at the time, was the picturesque village of Clifden, in Connemara. We had been examining the ruins of the really grand castle of the O'Flahertys, at Oughnanure, and exploring the islands in Lough Corrib, one of which, Incha Goill, contains the oldest known Christian inscription in Ireland, and the ruins of two churches, one of which is pronounced by Petrie to be coeval with the time of our National Saint. There was something truly delightful in these excursions. An ordinary tourist, who travels possessed of a printed book, wherein all the "lions" of the district are more or less elegantly descanted upon, could never feel the enthusiasm which was ours—every day exploring new ground—at least new to modern history—for O'Donovan was generally well furnished from the office in Dublin with archaeological notes, gathered from ancient manuscripts, and suggestions, by which our movements were considerably influenced. For instance, the venerable chief of our department had directed special attention to the antiquities of Incha Goill, an islet known only to the graziers of the district as a grand feeding place for cattle. Petrie, many years previously to our expedition, had visited the locality, and had been the first skilled antiquary to notice, in connection with an ancient church which still remains, a hard granite pillar stone, of a quadrangular form, about four and a-half feet in height, and bearing, in the characters of the fourth, or the beginning of the fifth, century, the simple inscription, "Lie Lugnædon Mac Limenueh," the stone of Lugnædon, the son of Limenueh. Who these personages had been became a subject of great interest; and on referring to the ancient martyrologies and other authorities, it appeared that a sister of St. Patrick, named Liemania, had married a certain Lombard, by whom she had seven sons, one of whom bore the name Lugnædon. There can be no reasonable doubt that this venerable monument is a record of a nephew of Saint Patrick. The sons of Limenueh (Latinised Diemania), who became celebrated as saints or bishops, are recorded to have been settled in this very district, and the name of the island *Incha Goill*, or the Island of the Gaul, points in the same direction. There are two churches immediately adjoining the pillar stone, one of which exhibits the semi-cyclopeian doorway, and ponderous masonry, such as are found in the forts of an undoubtedly pagan age. There can be no question that the older church is an erection of the time of Saint Patrick. The other, in its beautiful triple-arched western doorway, appears to belong to the beginning of the twelfth century, and was, in all likelihood, erected by Turlough O'Connor, the last but one of the native monarchs of Ireland. This vigorous and munificent prince was a great church builder—and was eminently distinguished for his patronage of the fine arts, as shewn by the

Cross of Cong, now preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and the glorious remains of Tuam Cathedral. Lough Corrib has often witnessed the prowess of this truly regal house. Caisleau-na-circe, a great stronghold of the O'Connors, stands on a rock not far from Incha Goill. It has been too long the custom to sneer at Irish royalty—but, in the twelfth century, the house of O'Connor could act on terms of equality with the King of England. A treaty, quoted by Hovedon, between Roderick O'Connor and Henry II. commences as follows:—"This is a final treaty, agreed to at Windsor, in the octaves of Saint Michael's Day, in the year of Grace 1175, between our Lord Henry, son of the Empress Matilda, King of England, and Roderick, King of Connaught, through the agency of Catholicus, Archbishop of Tuam, and Cantordis, Abbot of St. Brendan, and Master-Lawrence, Chancellor of the King of Connaught."

Neither our plan or space will admit of further notice of Lough Corrib, and of its beautiful and historic islands. After enjoying the hospitality of O'Flaherty, of Lemonfield, one of the few Irish chieftains who still possess a portion of the territory of their ancestors, we returned to Clifden, to prepare for an expedition to Ardolean, or High Island, a perpendicular rock in the Atlantic, situated at a distance of about six miles from the island of Omev, and long celebrated for the ruins which it contains of an eremitical establishment founded in the seventh century, by the celebrated Saint Fechin.

"In the western ocean," writes O'Flaherty, in his interesting account of West Connaught, composed in 1684, beyond Imay, three smaller islands appear, viz., Cruagh-ar-ni-May, called by Sir James Ware, *Insula Cuniculorum*, from its store of rabbits. It is a bane to dogs, which die on the spot, or soon after coming out. The next is Olew-ambrabar, or the Friars Island. The farthest off is Ardolen, or the High Island, anciently called *Iunus-hearthuir*, i. e. the West Island. It is inaccessible except in calm, settled weather, and so steep that it is hard after landing in it to climb to the top, where there is a well called, Brian Boramy (King of Ireland,) his well, and a standing water, on the brook whereof was a mill. There is extant a chapel and a large round wall, as also that kind of stone building called Cloghan, wherein yearly an eyrie of hawks is found. Here St. Fechin founded an Abbey, as he did at Imay. It is also celebrated for the eremitical retirement of St. Gormgal, a very spiritual person, and of renowned sanctity, who died the 5th of August, A.D. 1017, and was there interred together with divers other holy hermits that lived with him." To an examination of the ruins at this retreat we looked forward with the greatest interest. At Omev, scarcely a vestige of St. Fechin's establishment remained, the buildings, except a portion of a church, being buried in the sand, but here we were not destined to be disappointed, as we hope presently to shew.

During the fifth and two following centuries, it was the custom of the teachers of Christianity in this country to erect their monasteries upon islands, or in districts not very easy of access. Saint Patrick, notwithstanding the length of his ministry, and the energy with which he fulfilled his mission, could not wholly crush paganism, and indeed,

a very little reading will suffice to convince the student of Irish ecclesiastical history, that even so late as the sixth and seventh centuries, many districts of our island had only partially abandoned the teaching, such as it was, of the Druidical priesthood. A glance at the history of the earlier ages of the Irish Church will explain the necessity felt by the "pioneers of Christianity" to seek the comparative security of an insular position for their modest establishments. There is scarcely an island or islet on the coast of Ireland, that does not to this day contain the ruins of one or more ecclesiastical edifices, and in instances where no walls are to be found, tradition will generally point to the site of an ancient cell, and to the well which supplied water for the baptism of people, who lived and died, perhaps, upwards of thirteen hundred years ago.

On the islands of our eastern coast only the walls of the church are usually found, the domestic buildings having generally decayed, owing to the perishable nature of the materials of which they were composed, viz., wood, clay and straw. On the western coast, where wood must always have been very scarce, and stone most abundant, the case is different, as in connection with the church, we often find the very houses in which the old saints resided remaining in a greater or less state of preservation. Many of our Dublin readers who may wish, with little trouble, to examine some of the oldest churches in Ireland, will be glad to hear that the Islands of Skerries, Ireland's-Eye, and Dalkey, contain very interesting and characteristic examples—but in each of these instances the walls of the church alone remain.

As the brisk, pure air of the Atlantic is proverbially hunger-exciting, and as we had no wish to emulate the austerity of the old recluses, and, moreover, as navigation on the Galway coast is at all times uncertain, one of our cares was to procure a basket of provisions, which might last for at least a couple of days. We were offered a fine salmon, a commodity generally sold at that time through Connemara, at from 2d. to 3d. per pound, but as we had for some time been literally living on that king of fishes, we thought a couple of brace of cold roast ducks more to our purpose. With these, some bread, a bottle of potteen, we were prepared for any achievement. O what a walk that was from Clifden to Streamstown! the little village where our boat lay. The "Twelve Pins," or more correctly, "Bins," rose behind us in all their sterile majesty. These mountains are composed of rock, bleached by the storms and sunshine of every age since the creation. They rise almost perpendicularly from the plain, and where their generally wooded base is hidden by an elevation, the bare, sharp outline which they present forms one of the most striking scenes in the Irish Highlands. There is generally no monotony of tint, gray, pure white, and gold of a thousand different shades, indicate rock, lichen, or the scanty herbage, which fringes the more sheltered sides of some of the peaks. But where the shadow of a cloud falls, all is gray and gloom. There were no trees to be seen, and we were just wondering whether the country had been always so bare, or whether, during ancient wars, the district had been "improved," as a yankee would

say, when the gillie called attention to our boatmen, who were waiting at the brink of a small bay which had just opened to view. At the time we write of, nearly every family of this district rejoiced in the name of King, a clumsy translation of the old clan surname, Maconree. Individuals were distinguished by some *soubriquet*, in allusion to their calling, peculiarity, or personal appearance. O'Donovan was soon in earnest chat with our hardy fishermen. It was some little pecuniary arrangement which required completing, for as soon as the Macs discovered that we were "sappers," (not *soupers*,) it struck them that they might possibly improve their bargain with the government men.

However, the sails were soon hoisted, and as there was little wind and a narrow channel, oars were put into requisition. The bay cleared, the oars were shipped, and we sped under all sail the hooker could carry, but our progress was slow against wind and tide. Some long fishing lines, baited with a slice of raw potato, were trailed in the boat's wake at first with little success, as for a half an hour or so our only capture had been one huge red gurnet. Perhaps it was that the fishes, though Irish fishes, did not like the national esculent, for no sooner had we baited with a slice cut from the side of the first haul than the lines were kept going as fast as we could unhook. The ocean seemed literally to teem with fish. They followed in scores, to the very surface of the water, such of their tribe as was brought there against their will. In all we took many dozens, and a few, almost palpitating with life, were split, and after being washed in the sea water, griddled upon a fire of turf, lighted in the hold of the boat upon the stones used for ballast. Those very ancient knives and forks—the fingers—conveyed such dainty morsels to our already hungry lips, that should any city epicure doubt of the excellence of our repast, all we have to say is, to go the west, catch your dinner, and eat it as we did, with new potatoes boiled in the Atlantic water.

The first view of Ardoilean is far from inviting. It appears like a huge derelict island floating by enchantment. There is no sign of vegetation. Its sides, which are in many places perpendicular or overhanging have, at certain points, an elevation of several hundred feet. At one place only is it usually possible to land, and then only after a long continuance of settled weather. So seldom is the island visited, that the birds, which at certain seasons collect here in millions, appear in some degree to have lost their instinctive dread of man. As our boat neared the landing-place it scarcely disturbed a fleet of puffins, who waited till we had approached within almost an oar's range, when they lazily dived. At length we almost touch the rock, and timing his leap to the swell of a wave, one of the crew springs on a shelving ledge, carrying in his hand a light strong line, attached to the bow of the boat. By means of oars our craft is kept from driving against the rock, while the man on shore, laying stress on the rope, guides her head with great precision to a spot most suitable for our attempt at landing. The leap was, indeed, somewhat perilous, and O'Donovan, who was at no time remarkable for agility, all but floundered back. The basket, some turf, and a bundle of materials for sketching and

measuring were adroitly heaved after us, and our friends put off to sea on a short fishing cruise. The rock once gained, the climb to the table-land is more fatiguing than dangerous. The mica slate rocks, through which a kind of rude way leads, are at intervals very loose and crumbly, and the short, burnt grass, which here and there partially covers them, like a wig, is excessively slippery. The sea-fowl, which were swooping and circling in thousands above our heads, shewing their white plumage, looking even more snowy in contrast to the deep blue vault of a cloudless June sky; and well might the creatures be excited, for as we advanced over the more elevated heights, it was only with care that we avoided treading on their eggs, which were deposited upon a few twigs of heath, or straw, picked probably from the surface of the ocean. Though the island presents a surface of about 80 acres, it is not inhabited by a single human being. The sheep, which in summer time are sent from the mainland for grazing purposes, have no shepherd, and soon become very wild. Their snow-white wool contrasts favourably with the dingy, ragged coats of even our best breeds in Leinster. As we approached the summit of the cliff we saw, on an inaccessible ledge, the bleached skeletons of two lambs, which had probably been blown over the precipice. The bones were quite bare, though the carcasses could not have lain there, as our guide informed us, more than a fortnight, and their appearance was accounted for by quite a flock of birds of prey, who had shewn their dexterity at what one of the "faculty" would designate "making a preparation." There was something awfully affecting in the loneliness of the place. There was nothing heard but the cries of the birds, and the strange variety of sounds made by the ocean among unseen caverns.

We soon arrived at a small "station," where our guide made a reverential obeisance. There is scarcely a considerable elevation on the surface of the island which does not display a cairn-like pile of stones, surmounted by a cross of the same material, of small size, but decorated more or less in the oldest style of Irish Christian art. It is supposed that these were penitential stations, but all record or tradition by which they could be identified with the names of the saints to whom they were respectively dedicated has been irretrievably lost. The carving of several of those little crosses is extremely curious, and though the greater number are of extremely rude workmanship, still, to the antiquary, who would trace the gradual progress of that style of Celtic ornamentation, which, in the *Opus Hibernicum*, became so celebrated, not only in this country, but wherever the influence of the Irish Church prevailed—they form studies of peculiar interest. They remain apparently untouched since the period of their erection. No follower of "the Prophet" ever sighted Mecca with more enthusiasm than we did Saint Fechin's silent monastery. There it lay before us, desolate and abandoned—we know not how many ages—but this we know, that when Westminster, or that glory of England, the Cathedral of York, "which we are wont to call ancient," was erected, the church and monastery of St. Fechin were six hundred years old. To the

builders of Westminster they would have just that antiquity which the church of Henry the Third's time has to the subjects of Victoria.

On examining the ruins we have no reason to believe that any portion of the venerable establishment has ever been rebuilt or remodelled, and Saint Fechin, the founder, died of that memorable scourge called Buide Chonnaill, or the Yellow Plague of Connall, which ravaged Ireland in A.D. 664, we may safely assign the whole of the existing remains to the middle of the seventh century. These consist of a church, several cloghan, or bee-hive houses, several long vaulted apartments, a cashel, some very curious tombs, a number of crosses, and the remains of a water-mill. The church stands surrounded by the buildings, as we may see a hen by her chickens. It is a plain oblong structure, measuring only twelve feet by ten internally. The doorway, as usual in nearly all early Irish churches, occupies a position in the centre of the west gable. It is at present 4 feet, 6 inches in height, by 2 in breadth, but the height may originally have been greater. It is square-headed. The walls of the church are composed of rather small stones, admirably fitted together, after the manner of Etruscan work. There are indications that the roof was of stone. The dwelling-houses, which immediately adjoin the church, are admirable specimens of old Celtic habitations. They differ in nothing from pagan erections of the same class, except that their form internally is quadrangular, not round. The principal remaining house, or cloughan, upon the interior, is exactly 9 feet square. The roof is formed by the gradual approximation of the side walls, and is closed in by a single stone, at the height of 7 feet 6 inches from the present level of the floor. All these curious little buildings have externally the appearance of a cairn, or simple heap of stones, carelessly thrown together. Internally the walls are quite smooth, and though no cement appears to have been used in their construction, the stones fit so closely one to the other, that the masonry seems quite impervious to wet. There was no opening but the doorway, which is usually only about 4 feet in height, and displays the inclined sides, so characteristic of the earliest style of Celtic architecture. At the time of our visit, three of these "bee-hives" remained perfect, at least on the inside. The roughness of the exterior may possibly have been caused by the displacement of the masonry, during the storms of more than a thousand years. That a greater number anciently existed there can be no doubt, as several ruins, in various stages of decay, from roofless circle to the mere unintelligible mass of stones, abundantly testify. Two examples of long, covered chambers also remain. Could these have been granaries? In several parts of Ireland, and generally within or in the immediate neighbourhood of pre-historic forts, or cahirs, we have seen works precisely similar, and which, from the fact of quern stones having sometimes been found within them, are generally supposed to have been used for the store of corn. A dry stone wall, of considerable strength and irregular height, surrounds the whole group of buildings. This is the cahir, or fortification, which was necessary, no doubt, to preserve the old recluses from piratical attack, for, during the seventh century, and even considerably

after, the islands and coasts of Ireland were often scourged by pagan hosts, whose mission was to plunder, burn, or enslave. Similar cashels, or cahirs, for the terms seem to be synonymous, surround several groups of our earliest ecclesiastical edifices. A very fine specimen existed till lately at Rath-michael, in the county Dublin. The archway at Glendalough, though lately much ruined, is the grandest example remaining of the gateway which, we must presume, was the gateway in these defences. The mill was situated apart from the rest of the buildings, upon a stream running from a small deep lake, near the centre of the island. This lake is, perhaps, the most extraordinary natural feature of the place, as in a rock of only about 80 acres of surface; it stands many fathoms above the level of the surrounding ocean, and its water has not the slightest sea taint. That it must be fed by a powerful spring is certain, for even in the driest weather, it gives forth a stream or brook, as O'Flaherty calls it, which was, and we believe still is, able to work the simple machinery of a small mill. But, of all the relics of a distant age which the silent island still presents, the graves of the old community are most suggestive of a reverential feeling. Within the shadow of the eastern gable, ranged side by side, are a number of little enclosures, about seven feet long by two in breadth, made, like the pagan *kesloaen*, of flags placed edgewise and forming an oblong. These are evidently graves of the earliest Christian period, and at the time of our visit several appeared to have been recently opened, and in the stone forming the western end of the enclosure we could, in each instance, discover the tracings of a cross within a circle—the emblem of eternity. How far the excavations extend it is impossible to determine—but the site of the cemetery is sufficiently marked, and the ruins of the *cahir*, through the storms of ages, have, no doubt, covered many interesting memorials, crosses, &c. It is singular that not one lettered stone remained—but our boatman informed us that on a former visit he had seen an inscription which a Catholic clergyman seemed to think was written in some unknown style. We trust that this relic may yet be discovered. The writing was, no doubt, in the corrupt Roman character, now generally called Irish, but which was common to a large portion of Western Europe during the earlier ages of Christianity. The search for this archaeological treasure occupied us fully two hours, as O'Donovan was quite convinced that it referred to some venerable ecclesiastic, whose name was associated with the history of the place. It could scarcely have been carried away—and future visitors to the island would do well in using their best endeavours for its discovery. Grave-stones, of the highest historical interest, were not uncommon some years ago, in several localities where it would be difficult now to find even a few. At Clonmaenaise, considerably more than a hundred memorials of kings, chiefs, ecclesiastics, and literary men existed within the memory of people still living. It would now be difficult to collect forty there. Several, we have heard, were carried off as ballast for boats. At Glendalough, a fine early-inscribed stone was broken up and sold in small pieces to tourists—several which we recollect to have seen at the Seven Churches, at Arran, are nowhere to be found, and amongst the lost inscriptions of that

interesting locality is the head-stone of the celebrated St. Breacan, a name only second, in the ecclesiastical history of Erin, to that of the founder of Iona, Columba, of the churches.

Having spent several hours in measuring and sketching, we ascended an eminence a little to the west of the church. On the immense sweep of apparently boundless and shipless ocean before us, the one "long track and trail of splendour" seemed, indeed, as Moore sings :—

"To lead to some bright isle of rest."

The whole scene—rocks, sea, and sky—appeared bathed in a halo of golden light. The little mill-brook glided noiselessly over the edge of a stupendous cliff, at the base of which the deep blue Atlantic swell, broken into innumerable smaller waves, flashed and glittered. At first it fell unbrokenly, then divided and changed into spray, which seemed to grow finer and finer, till it became, as it were, mere mist, light and cloud-like, swaying with a gentle breeze. It seemed, indeed, as if the stream, after taking its final leap from the cliff, had repented of its rashness, and would return in tears; for the wind, light as it was, had the effect, ever and anon, of giving the spray-cloud an upward direction. To add, if possible, to the beauty of this singular cascade, a miniature rainbow, now well-defined, now dissolving and uncertain, seemed to haunt its course. It is not in the power of language to describe the wonderful loveliness of this scene. Around, above, and below, innumerable gulls and other fowl, with plumage of the snowiest whiteness, were wheeling in silence. Occasionally, however, they expressed their indignation at our invasion by a full chorus of discordant cries. There seemed to be an extraordinary variety of species, and we regretted then, as we have often done since, our limited acquaintance with ornithological science, but for which we might, no doubt, have been enabled to supply an interesting chapter on the subject of Natural History. Talking of the birds reminds us of the basket, and the ducks, &c., which it contained. Never was feast more enjoyed. Our mariners had returned, bringing with them some of their fish, and there was, of course, a second edition of splitting and grilling. What sance is the keen Atlantic air—and what a tenfold return does a little civility to an Irish peasant or fisherman ensure. As we sat together we had stories which, if then noted, would serve as groundwork for a dozen papers. But the tales are lost—lost for ever. Not one of our sociable crew now survives. Men and boat disappeared, as we heard, a couple of years after the date of our trip, in one of those gales which sweep down so suddenly from the mountains of the mainland. The famine subsequently came, and over the whole of the western coast bare gables and deserted fields indicated that an ancient race had migrated, many to their last, and many to new homes across the waste of waters. Those who went and those who remained, however, might still be considered as neighbours—as there were no houses, or even a single farm between them. It was curious to observe with what tenacity the minds of these simple people clung to old world ideas. The Mythical Island of O'Brazil was to them a reality.

"From the Isles of Aran and the west continent," says O'Flaherty, "often appears visible that enchanted island called O'Brazil, and in Irish, Beg-ara or the lesser Aran, set down in cards of navigation. Whether it be real and firm land, kept hidden by special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds, appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound out."

It appears certain that, from a very remote period, the inhabitants of the west of Ireland entertained an idea, more or less distinct, of a country to the westward. The celebrated bishop of Clonfert, St. Brendan, who died in the year 577, must have acquired some knowledge of the existence of the country now called America, at least nine hundred years before the time of Columbus. It is recorded of him "that, having spent some time in Aran, holding communication with the venerable Saint Enda, or Eney, he proceeded northward along the coast of Mayo, and made enquiries among its bays and islands, of the remnants of the Tuatha-Danaan people, who are known to have been very expert in naval affairs. Then, at Inniskea and Innisgloria, Brendan set up his cross; and buildings were erected, of which many curious remains are still to be seen, until, having prosecuted his enquiries, and having extended the gospel upon this western coast, he returned to his native Kerry. There, from a bay sheltered by a lofty mountain, which is still known by his name, St. Brendan set sail for America, under a strong desire of winning souls to Christ. Having landed, he and his companions penetrated as far as the great river Ohio, whence he returned after an absence of seven years, and established a college of three thousand Christian students at Clonfert." That America was visited, if not discovered, by Irishmen in the sixth century, is a fact as well established as any historical fact can be. In one of the oldest extant Sagas, it is related, in reference to Iceland, that when the Danes landed on that island in the ninth century, they found that it had been colonized by devout people from Ireland. Verily the Celt is not so deficient in nautical enterprise as many English writers would have us believe. In modern times, the names of Irishmen are foremost in the annals of northern discovery. Our repast finished, we ascended an eminence to take a farewell view of the Connemara mountains, which extended along and beyond the coast as far as the eye could reach. There is, perhaps, no finer view in Ireland. To the north lay Innis-bofin and Innis-shark, appearing like some sea-monsters of Scandinavian story, standing upon the surface of the ocean. Beyond them lay Slyne and Achill Head, and the rugged profile of the Ballycroy mountains, and furthest off of all, the dim precipice of Croagh Patrick, hued in colours of the clouds. Westward the sun had already begun to dip below the horizon, and the path of light was lost in a bank of glorious fiery clouds, a promise, as our sailors assured us, of settled fine weather. Not one sail broke the solitude of the immense expanse of ocean before us—not even one little boat was visible. Gradually the headlands melted into gray, and as the breeze had died away our boat lay "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." It was long past midnight when, by the aid of

oars and drifting, we arrived at a part of the coast not very far from the place where we embarked. Perceiving the interest we had taken in all that related to the neighbouring islands, our men urged us on no account to omit seeing Innis-mac-Dara, an island, lying a considerable distance to the southward of our course. On a subsequent occasion we visited this interesting island, which, according to O'Flaherty, was a celebrated sanctuary dedicated to Saint Mac Dara. "The boats passing," he says, "have a custom to bow down their sails three times in reverence to the saint. A certain captain of the garrison of Galway, anno 1672, passing this way, and neglecting that custom, was so tossed with sea and storm that he vowed he would never pass there again without paying obeysance to the saint; but he never returned home, for he was cast away by shipwreck soon after. A few years after, one Gill, a fisherman of Galway, who would not strike sail, in contempt of the saint, went not a mile beyond the road, when sitting on the poop of the boat, the mast, by a contrary blast of wind, broke, and struck him on the head, dead, the day being fair weather both before and after." Saint Mac Dara's church, an undoubted relic of the sixth century, would stand now as perfect as on the day that the building was finished, but that the greater portion of the roof, which was of stone, has fallen in. It is a splendid specimen of the earliest style of Irish church architecture, exhibiting semi-cyclopean masonry, and, as usual, the flat-headed doorway with inclined sides, which appears to have been imitated from the pagan forts, or sepulchral tumuli, of a pre-historic age. As usual, the saint's cloughan stands near the church, but it is in a very ruinous state, doorway and roof having fallen.

Though it is now nearly thirteen hundred years since holy men first raised the cross on the islands of the west, the memory of the oldest saints is still fresh in the minds of the inhabitants of the neighbouring coast. Children are very frequently called after them, and it is not unusual to find the names of more than one saint used as the Christian names of one individual, as Mac Dara Mac Duach O'Flaherty, Kiernan Brendan O'Brien, and so on. Still the sails are reverentially dipped by boats passing Innis-Mac-Dara, and still pilgrimages are made to the humble, but at the same time illustrious, shrines.

We had now accomplished nearly all that was expected of us in that part of Galway. A visit to the neighbourhood of Ballinahinch, the capital of the Martin territory, completed our work. We had brought letters of introduction to Mr. Martin, in whose absence we were received by Miss Martin, who was styled "Queen of Connemara." The castle was, at the time, almost a ruin, having suffered from the memorable tempest of the preceding winter. The roof had been all but carried away. Little did our fair hostess, who was then heiress to an estate considerably more extensive than many a German principality, one which her ancestors had ruled time out of mind, with almost regal sway, foresee the sad change of fortune which was—alas! that so much grandeur should rest on a potato—soon to befall her house. We were received with genuine hospitality; but O'Donovan's stay was limited to a portion of one day, and just one night.

For some reason which he never would explain, he departed for Galway by an early car, leaving his companion to make any excuse or explanation, for so strange a proceeding, which he might fancy. A word here about the Martins and this estate will, doubtless, interest many of our readers. The founder of the family came to Ireland with Strongbow. Of his immediate descendants little is known; but in 1698, Captain Richard Martin, who had served in King James's army, became possessed of Ballinahinch, and many other territorial acquisitions, which had been wrested from their rightful owners, the O'Flaherties. The estate contained upwards of one hundred and ninety-two thousand statute acres, and extended a distance of upwards of 80 miles. "Yet," writes Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," "Immense, and almost unbounded as the estate was, the seeds of decay had been sown on it by the profuse hospitality of its improvident owners, and with such marvellous rapidity did they spread, that when Richard Martin ceased to be returned to Parliament, he was fain to seek refuge from his creditors, by flying to the continent, where he died in 1834." On the death of Thomas Martin, the property descended to his daughter, who married her cousin, Mr. Gonne Bell. Both parties incurred in borrowing a large sum of money from the *Law Life Insurance Company*, in order to consolidate the incumbrances upon the estate, at a lower rate of interest. The year of famine came, and the Martins could no longer fulfil the terms of the bond—in short, the whole estate came into the Incumbered Estates Court, and was sold at a sum immeasurably below its value.

The ill-starred "Princess of Connemara" retired to Fontaine l'Eveque, in Belgium, where, for a short time she supported herself by her pen; but so scanty were the means thus obtained that she resolved to abandon the continent for America, hoping to find in the new world an ampler field for her exertions. Some friends of the family now came forward with a small subscription to enable her to carry out this object. Much it could not have been, for we find her embarking on the voyage in a sailing vessel. A premature confinement was the result in this den of misery, without medical attendant, without nurse, without any one of the aids so indispensable at such a moment of danger and suffering. Can it be a matter of surprise to any one that she died soon after she touched the shore, or, as some will have it, before she left the boat? And now, kind reader, farewell. Should you have an opportunity of visiting the once far west, now connected with almost every part of the kingdom by the smooth, sure rail, you cannot fail to witness scenes of sublime grandeur of every variety; and, in a contemplative mind, on the mainland as upon many an almost unknown islet, the shrines and relics of the old saints will awaken thoughts, as a great poet says, often "too deep for words." Notwithstanding the accidents of time and tempest, and sometimes, we fear, of vandalic wontonness, the little edifices still remain, and shall probably not all have disappeared even when the New Zealander, that "coming man" of Lord Macaulay, shall have made his promised sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's.

GODS OF A GREEK TEMPLE.

UNDERNEATH the templed hill
Swings our barque in the gray sea ;
Earth and air are hazy still ;
While around the setting star
The Cyclet islets stretch afar
Like lengths of cloud along the lea.
Northward long vaporous hosts
Like dim armies of heroic ghosts
Flying from battle Hades-ward,
enroll
The vague 'horizon, while in silvered
gloom
Sinks the young moon,' as in a virgin
tomb.
Earth, air, and ocean in the dark o'ercast,
Spread like some mighty page
Dim as the imagery of the past,
Whose life, still echoed by Mæonides,
Lives in the present,—then the
morning breeze,
Wafts the thin mists from blue
Egean seas,
And dawn unfolds the deeps of new
eternities.

While on a green mound anear us, a fount of clearest lymph springing,
Harmoniously seems as we view them to each of the gods to her singing :—

SATURN.

And first in the gray dawning's glare
I see a stooped and feeble head ;
One looks at us with aged eyes
Amid his scant and heavy hair,
With hopeless lips as of the dead,
And brow grown callous with old care.
His cheek is wistful, weak, and wan,
His weary soul has ceased to reign,
And through his numb and sha-
dowed brain

Life is a slow dream passing on—
The past remembered not ;
He seems as though he'd worn out
pain,
And pleasure—now forgot,
And as I gaze the stealing shade
Dropped from a cornice nigh, has
made
Old Saturn's face, a blot :—

Grave and forlornly the fountain now gloomed by a cloud from the light
In wat'ry cadence moans sad as a voice from the desolate night.

APOLLO.

As rounds the day the filling light
Down by an ivied column slips,
And dazzling to delighted sight,
A god-face breathing heavenly
truth,
Comes bathed in an eternal youth,
And 'mid the balmy glow around,
We seem to hear a dreamy flight
Of music from his silent lips.
The thin eager eyebrow slanting
O'er its orb seems jetting glances,
Instinct full of fiery fancies

That would chase the soul to pant-
ing,
Nearing heaven at every bound.
Like the widening, broadening glow
Of day, he looks across the land,
As though his spirit could command
The wearied stars now drooping low
Beneath the pace of awakened sea
But love smiles from his form of
grace,
And sunny hair floats airily
Like melodies around his face :—

List to the song that the fount like a light-inspired spirit is singing—
And hark ! in the green summer wood how the voice of glad echo is ringing.

JOVE.

Full on the soul a presence glows,
 A face of glory mild and proud,
 Whose full curled beard majestic
 flows,
 Eyes in whose depths the heavens
 unclose
 And brows like rims of thunder
 cloud.
 High on an empyreal throne,
 In the collected calm of power
 He rests, unconquered and alone,
 But seems as though his rising
 form
 Could shake the starry roof this
 hour,

And signal with his hand the
 storm.
 Back in the tempest-clouds of Time
 His memory seems to dwell, when
 shook
 Th' innumerate race of gods and
 men,
 In starry sphere and forest den,
 Before that noble lion's look
 Those silent lips sublime.
 Crowned with Olympian majesty
 His spirit compasses the sky,
 And day floats round in golden light
 Like the calm breathings of his
 might :—

Hark! high soars the fountain to heaven, and brightly and heavily under
 Showers down its splendrous column resounding in wat'ry thunder.

MINERVA.

Now in the mid air glows the sun
 Above the shrine with steady rays,
 And through the dizzy shadows dun
 A pale, bright face looks through
 the rays.
 Her simple helm is steely keen,
 Close edging round her level brow ;
 Her lips are mild as wisdom's mien,
 But firm as an eternal vow.
 And in a sky of clearest thought
 Her eyes seem tranced, while vigor-
 ous will

Strong from the battles it has fought,
 Lives in her aspect pure and still.
 And memories of mighty wars,
 In radiant heaven and heroed earth,
 In that high spirit calmly rest,
 Like eagles in their skiey nest ;
 And from her face serenely flows
 A consciousness of growing fame,
 A glory in the baptism name,
 Jove gave her ere the earth arose
 Amid the lightnings of the
 stars :—

Now calm is the clear azure ether, and calm sheds the fountain its cool
 Pure crystal in cadence harmonious into its mirroring pool.

BACCHUS.

But who is this that greets me here,
 As purple evening floats around,
 With lips bent in a jocund leer,
 And careless forehead crowned ?
 His eye is ripe with fancy dreams,
 His heart is pulsing, brimmed with
 wine ;
 Yet toward that rosy sky he seems
 To look for vineyards more divine.
 The vine-wreath through whose wink-
 ings flit,

Sly lights across his face and hair,
 So delicate rests, the swooning air
 Seems every moment lifting it.
 And looking on the radiant brine
 That starward stretches many a
 mile,
 Old mellow memories seem to
 rouse.
 His mouth is one full blossomed smile,
 As the low flushing sky the while
 Looks under his gay brows :—

While joyous the sunset-tinged fount, like a column of red vintage panting,
 Seems as it jubilant reels, some bacchinal song to be chaunting.

Thus through the day beneath this beauteous Shrine—
 The poet soul of Greece in marble—we
 Willed with the sun the clear aired hours divine,
 Until he neared the purple-goldened sea,
 Inland, through level solitudes, a stream

Flowed lessening, like a slowly fading dream,
 Toward the long line of giant mountains gray,
 Piled peak on peak above a distant bay
 And spacious verdant champaign. Southward lay
 The citadelled town, with streets half dark, half bright,
 And leafy suburbs in the evening light,
 Where rose, 'mid scattered gardens overgrown,
 Some stately antique column, fair and lone,
 Or broken temple wall marmorial white ;
 Anear, upon the glassy wave, our barque
 With slender dipping masts and rigging dark
 Against the west, like network against flame,
 Lay in the offing, whence at moments came
 The seagull's cry or seamew's watery moan,
 Like that of Ceyx mourning for Halcyon.
 Beyond, magnificent the sunset spread—
 Now like a cloudy visioned Capital
 With many a lofty shrine and pillared wall
 Of theatre and temple grouped below
 Its steep Acropolis ; while in the glow
 Now spaced some open golden cirque, now some
 Thronged agora, or cheerful stadium,
 Or philosophic grove and colonade
 With gathered figures moving in it shade.—
 A little, and the splendours died away,
 The pageant sunk in ruin with the day.
 And reigned abroad over the land and sea
 The Grecian night's blue domed immensity,—
 As in our barque, we cleft the foam afar,
 With prow straight pointed westward toward a late risen star.
T. I.

TURGESIUS.

At a little distance from the town of Calais there is an old cathedral tower with which a legend is connected. This tower, which is square, and of early Gothic workmanship, stands solitary in a stretch of fields by the road-way, gray, lonely, and saturnine, looking with stony immobility on the town with an aspect which, evincing a sense of remoteness from its life, appears rather to sympathise with the aged gray sea beyond, whose waste in storms and calm it has surveyed for many ages. The structure with which it was once attached has long disappeared. A few stones only, covered with grass and brambles, are scattered here and there, but it would be now impossible to discern even a trace of the foundations of its aisle. Thus it stands solitary, senseless, sad, indifferent to the sunshine, which seems to brighten every object around but it, and only seemingly conscious of the wind, which now flitting in inconstant, ghostly dirges among the windows, battlements, and crannies by day, make it their peculiar haunt at night, circling through it and around it even in summer time, when all beneath is still, in faint, mysterious, hovering harmonies. On wild autumn, and winter nights, however, when the strong storm rages down the Channel, whirling the last leaves into the air, or lashing the resounding shores with fierce surges, the tumult which it creates can be heard for great distances, and so strange

and fearful are the sounds which the rain at such times evokes, that the peasant regards it with traditional terror, and as he hurries past it in the blank, windy gloom, mutters, "Heaven guard us—the sea-devils are in their old high haunts listening as usual for the sound of a vessel in distress—of a surety there will be a shipwreck to-night."

Though in the locality all tradition respecting certain events, of which this turret was the scene centuries ago, have perished—they are indicated in an old Norman ballad, which tells the legend thus:—

CHAPTER I.

[The scene is at Skroid, in Jotland, the year 812 A.D.]

The red sun of the short winter day, slowly sinking toward the waste of the gray-ridged, windy sea, casts a sombre light over the wild northern landscape. Inland a black pine forest stretches for leagues along the horizon; through the dismal plain, which spans from its gloomy shores to the coast, a river winds—now flowing coldly through the level, where some scattered villages of earthen houses, stand forlorn in the shade of the leafless yews and willows, with which they are surrounded—and now rushing, a boiling mass of foam down the rocky declivities, through which it finds an exit toward the sea. Along the coast great granite cliffs rise bare and stern, at whose base the long-rolling surges break with savage monotony, tinged with the blood light of the departing day, and heaving each moment higher, urged by the force of the increasing gale, which, blowing from the dismal sun, covers their ridges with a mist of spray; then careering in inconstant gusts over the inland, whirls the last leaves into the air, and passes off through the long grasses and thicket covered mounds and stony barrows in bleak and desolate harmonies.

In a narrow bay, or rather harbour, which serrates the coast line, and whose entrance is nearly closed by a lofty reef, which breaks the roll of the ocean, a number of vessels lie at anchor in the shadow of the black rocks which rise up sheer from the water's edge. They are of various sizes and make; some being but large coasting boats, formed of wicker and covered with hide, while others are long vessels of war, formed of pine, lofty-decked, high at prow and stern, and low in the middle to admit of being oared in calm weather or upon occasion. Each has two masts with long booms, on which the dark sails are furled, and from the top of each streams the banner, in the form of a raven,* with wings extended in the wind. The banner of the Northmen, which has flown over every sea, and carried terror to every coast, north and south, along which has loomed its signal. As the dark vessels heave heavily on the ground swell, and as the sun just disappearing in the cloudy west shedding a last ray on the rolling desert of billow

* The raven flag of the Northmen had its origin, doubtless, in the practice of carrying ravens in their ships, for the purpose of ascertaining the direction of the land. When far out at sea one of those birds was let loose, and the pilot steered in the direction in which it flew. Unlike the early Greek mariners, whose voyages merely lasted while the pleiades, or sailing stars, were visible, namely, from spring to autumn, the Northmen ventured to sea in all seasons.

and foam overblown in the wind, its light falling now through some cabin poop, glitters on the weapons with which its sides are hung round, or on the mass of shields formed of leather and bright iron, which are piled on its quarter-deck, now on some group of dusk figures garbed in dark skins and helmed in iron; some of whom are busied around the small furnace or engaged with their armour, while some, grouped beside a pail of mead, are wiling the slow hours of anchorage and peace by chaunting wild songs of voyage and tempest, wild heathen ballads of the gods and heroes, of fierce fought battle-field and daring foray, which they have achieved under the command of their great king Harold Haarfager.

At some distance from the coast, beneath a hill clothed with dark pines, torches may be seen flitting to and fro; and as the moon rises, its light falls on the great Skali, or hall of the sea-king of the district—a huge oblong stone building, some hundred feet in length, with lofty gabled ends, and a line of lower structures running along its external walls; sloping roofs of pine, and chimneys above the three hearths which are positioned along the centre of the great chamber. Along the latter, which is entered from the door at either extremity, lines of tables, with benches at either side, are arranged in three divisions, with a raised seat in the central of each, which is allotted to the king or giver of the feast, or to his most distinguished guests. A wainscot, six feet high, runs round the hall, from which numerous doors open into the sleeping apartments, in the lower, external building; in some places the pannel is carved with historic scenes, and others are worked on the tapestry with which in several places the walls are hung, while numerous weapons, shields, spears, and swords, are arranged on the round wooden pillars, which reach to the raftered roof. At one end of the hall, which is the residence of the men, there are store-rooms for food, ale, &c.; at the other, the Kampeviser, or bower, the apartments of the women. Bleak and uncouth as this structure is, it presents to-night an aspect of savage and heroic magnificence. For to-night Harold Haarfager has given a great feast to his warriors and friends, in commemoration of his son, Turgesius, having arrived at manhood.

The long hearths of raised stone, along the centre of the hall, blaze high with fir and pine logs, filling the space from floor to rafters with a fierce and ruddy, jovial glow, and flashing on the lines of weapons which circle it—the huge iron swords, helmets, and shields, which have been gapped and dented in many a daring foray or sea fight. The boards are heaped with flesh, in huge wooden dishes, intervalled with pails of mead, and great horns of bronze and gold several feet in length.* Here some two hundred warriors are collected—for the most part men of powerful frame, with long, yellow hair, and fierce blue eyes; generally, their dress consists of a leathern jerkin, woollen coat, and boots reaching to the knee; all wear an abundance of weapons, daggers in their belts, and sword by

* In the antiquarian department of the Copenhagen Museum, there are a number of magnificent golden drinking horns, a yard long, and finely worked, which have been exhumed from the palaces of the Danish Sea-kings.

their side ; some have heavy golden neck-collars, and others strong rings of gold on the wrists.

The feast is over, the slaves have cleared the tables, and at a signal from the king, the cups are brimming with mead.

Harold Haarfager, is a man of great stature and mighty bone, his keen, steel-blue eyes gleam fiercely and proudly under his thick, gray brows and lofty forehead, on which his massive crown rests ; his thick beard depends on a colossal breast, which swells beneath its bright iron mail ; a crimson cloak hangs lightly on his atlantean shoulders, disclosing his weaponed belt ; his face, which is weather-worn from many a voyage, and which is marked with the seams of several sword gashes, is instinct with a consciousness of power, and glows with the savage light of war. With a glance of his eagle eyes he measured the assembly ; then, when the cheers which his rising had evoked had subsided, he spoke thus, standing on the steps of his throne, while above his head hung the huge, blood-rusted spear with which in his youth he had transfixed, in single combat, the giant Hersdmor, the dreaded monarch of the Orkneys.

"To-night, warriors, Harold welcomes you to the hall of his ancestors, which have looked on so many a band of heroes, famed in the history of our land, to commemorate the 'heir day' of his son Turgesius"—and he pointed to a fierce, black-browed youth, who had risen, and now stood leaning on his spear in the centre of the chamber fronting the throne. . . . "Arrived now at manhood, and at the period of command, it behoves him to illustrate the glories of our Norland by his bravery and achievements. Know, therefore, jarls, sea-knights, and retainers, that we bestow upon him as his heritage, six of our fleetest war vessels, and order him, with the light of the morrow morn, to man them with as many of the bravest of our country as may be necessary for an expedition to any of the southern coasts he may select, or any to which Njord, the great god of the winds and ocean may hurry him. Should he perish in tempest or battle, he but exchanges earth for the mighty halls of Valhalla ; should he return victorious, with captives, plunder, and riches, I shall live again in his valour, and his fame will cast a new glory across the waves of my darkening years. Who of those that I address will accompany him ? Let such as ambition to follow the terrible track—to equal and surpass the lives of our mightiest heroes—speak !"

Like the roar of the winter tempest in the pine wood was the reply of the revellers. Every eye flashed fire, every countenance flamed with savage joy and pride ; rapping the board with their dagger hfts, many volunteered to embark with the prince, and all to aid him in collecting warriors for his purposed enterprise. Then, for hours, they drank deep, now recounting their adventures, now chaunting in chorus the heroic songs of Norland history, now toasting such among them as had received wounds or performed deeds of valour in voyage or combat. At length, about midnight, filled with mead, and weary with rejoicing, such as remained he guests of the king retired to rest in the small chambers on either side of the banqueting hall, while others who dwelt near hand, mounting

their horses, and preceded by their attendants carrying torches, rode away to their abodes, along the wild sea-shore or across the dark heaths, through the moonlit, windy night. The great fires smouldered down upon the three long altars, and darkness and peace reigned in the huge blank Skali, over whose roof the keen airs blew, and the cold, innumerable stars rolled toward morning.

Some days afterwards, a multitude of people assembled round the harbour to witness the ceremonies of embarkation and the departure of Turgesius and his fleet, on whose beams of polished yew, rowing seats of strong sea bone, and decks crowded with spears, shields, swords, and men, the sun shone brightly. With his own hand Harold Haarfager had sacrificed several horses on the altar of almighty Thor, and after a Bear-Sark had made a divination from the flames and from the clouds, the king embraced Turgesius, and with the words, "Death or conquest!" dismissed him. The fleet then raised anchors; amidships the rowers sat to their oars, and when they had passed the foaming reef, expanded the dark sails to the wind, and steered away—the old king, with bloody sacrificial hands, leaning on sceptre, standing motionless with stern eyes, regarding Turgesius, who stood on the prow of the leading vessel, in gilded helmet and shining arms, and breastplate with golden lion, conspicuous in the sun—until his war barque had rounded a southern promontory.

CHAPTER II.

It was a wild and starless winter night. From the north a great wind blew through the darkness, down the British Channel, whose raging billows rolling in endless foamy masses, thundered against the French coast. On a small headland, which jutted seaward from the town of Calais, the inhabitants had kindled a fire, as a signal to such fishingboats of the port as were abroad, but so fierce was the wind, that after an attempt to preserve it for a space, they had been compelled to abandon their efforts, and had returned to their habitations, filled with ominous forebodings of shipwreck and disaster. Long ere midnight, every door in the town had been barred against the storm, and all lights extinguished, save in the cottages of those whose anxiety for their unreturned friends kept them waking.

Among the few who still hold watch, were the seneschal of the cathedral of Calais,—which had been completed but a few years previously, a massive building, which rose on the skirts of the town. The old man's cottage adjoined the structure, and in one of its small chambers, he and a beautiful girl, his daughter, Una, still sat by the sinking fire, which glowing and flashing ever and anon, as the resistless wind gusted through the windows and crevices over the rush strewn floor, lit up the gray bent figure of the man, and the pale cheeks and bright fearful eyes of the maiden. For some hours those forlorn affectionate folk had been conversing in their simple way, uttering at times some pious ejaculation, as some blast of more than ordinary violence, hurried over the roof through the black firmament. The old man had recounted his experience of previous storms on the coast, and after they had prayed for the cessation of the tempest raging around them, and the girl had

sung a pious hymn, they retired to their chambers, when they were presently lulled to rest, by the monotonous noise of the wind, its incessant hum along the sea, round the walls, and through the casements and belfry of the cathedral tower, which rose above them in the darkness, like some giant assailed by hosts of powerful invisible spirits.

* * * * *

It was an hour past midnight, when the wind suddenly lulled, and as the driving clouds hurried across the clearing sky unveiled at moments the crescent of the moon sinking low in the west, its light streaming across the desert of foam, fell on the forms of a number of dark vessels, which having put out from a creek on the coast where they had anchored during the height of the tempest, now appeared, approaching the harbour of Calais. Stealthily they advanced; by the light of torches which burned in each prow, the sailors guided them to a safe anchorage, a little distance, where the crew having landed, the greater part of them, who were heavily armed, were seen to form and march swiftly up the sandy steeps toward the dark, silent town.*

Suddenly the town resounded with a terrible uproar, loud and piercing shrieks re-echoed every house as door after door gave way before the maces of the Northmen; fearful encounters followed, swords flashed, torches flamed, roofs were in a blaze, the cries of terror, death, and vengeance, rung through the air, the streets reeked with slaughter. Vainly did the straggling and half-armed townsmen attempt to oppose these iron-shielded, and weaponed band of marauders, who either made them captives, or destroyed them when resistance was offered.

While one band were occupied plundering the houses in the town, binding their captives, and sending them to the vessels; another, headed by a fierce-faced youthful figure, conspicuous amid the glare of the conflagration, in his golden helmet, breastplate, and shining arms and mail, proceeded in the direction of the cathedral, in expectation that its sacred vessels of gold would afford them a rich spoil.

While yet at some distance, the old seneschal and his daughter, seeing them approaching, suddenly bethought them of making their way to the cathedral, with whose vaults and chambers they were acquainted, as affording them the likeliest chance of escaping from death. Accordingly, making their way rapidly to a small door in the nave, they entered, locked and barricaded it, and for a space believed themselves secure. In a little, however, they heard the pirate band attempting to burst in the great door,—then they were conscious that they were heaping firebrands and combustible substances against it, presently they began to batter it with a log of timber

* The piratical voyages of the Northmen, commenced in the eighth century, before which they are hardly noticed in history. Monstrellet states, that Charlemagne, once observing a fleet of Northmen burning a coast town, and afterwards escaping in a storm, predicted, that that people would one day become masters of the north of France. Geography, race, the social system, and the courageous inspiration they derived from their religion, conspired to render them the most terrible freebooters in history, more formidable than the Mediterranean pirates, the residue of Mithridates' armies destroyed by Pompey, or the West Indian and Algerian pirates in modern times.

which they procured nearhand. At this juncture, the seneschal, who with Una, had been standing in the aisle, through whose windows the flames of the burning town shed their red and ruinous glare, cried: "Let us fly to the tower, there is a recess in the wall under the belfry, in which we may escape, even should they ascend—haste, haste."

Scarcely had he spoken, and when they were already mounting the stairs, when the great doors were burst open, and the Northmen rushed in, torch in hand, and surrounding their chieftain, cheered him, making the roofs re-echo with the name of Turgesius.

As the latter entered, he had caught a glimpse of the figures hurrying up the stone stairs, and presently leaving his comrades to plunder the altar, he followed.

The tower was very lofty—nearly two hundred feet high—and a railed circular stair-case rendered half the ascent secure. Up the remainder of the distance, however, there was merely a narrow flight of wooden steps, without balustrade or any protection, a circumstance which, even in the daylight, rendered it a matter of no little danger to attain the summit, where the belfry was reached through a trap-door in the platform floor beneath it. To the old seneschal the way was familiar, and even the dangerous nature of the half of the ascent would, at that moment, have favoured his escape by rendering the pursuit of the savage Northmen extremely perilous had it been dark. Unhappily, however, he not only carried a torch in one hand, but was enabled to mount the tower in security by the dim glare from the burning town, which, at intervals gleamed through the lower embrasures. Nevertheless, the higher portions of the walls were unpierced by any loop-hole, and so, completely dark. As they mounted, it occurred to the seneschal that could he reach in time a certain point, where there was a deep recess in the wall, that secreting his daughter and himself in it, he might, by a sudden onset from this retreat, hurl his pursuer over the stair down the central chasm.

Scarcely a minute had passed from the leaving the aisle of the cathedral to their reaching the dark upper portion of the ascent; here, of necessity, their speed lessened, as they were obliged to feel their way along the wall. At this time an event occurred, which, for the moment, awakened their hopes of either reaching the recess alluded to, or the belfry, which was reached by a moveable ladder, which they could draw up after them—for Turgesius, who still kept them in sight, was seen to stumble and fall, his ironed shoes slipping on the stones, and in the shock to let the torch escape from his hand, which, rolling down the steps, became extinguished.

"Haste, haste, Una!" whispered the seneschal, after a brief, deep, breathless prayer—"haste, we will be safe before the pirate can relight his torch, and we may have time to reach the belfry," and they hurried upward. Scarce a minute elapsed ere they reached the ladder. The old man mounted first, raised the trap-door, then assisted his daughter's ascent, which was successfully effected; they then drew up the ladder, closed the hatch, placed some heavy woodwork connected with the machinery of the bells over it, and in this lofty and terrible isolation awaited, in mingled hope and despair, the

approach of their pursuers. "We shall at least die together," cried the girl, embracing her father, who, together with her, kneeling, prayed for some moments.

They were still absorbed in prayer when the sound of numerous voices, the clash of many feet ascending, were heard. In a few moments the pirates had reached the landing under the belfry, and seeing no trace of the fugitives, appeared for some time to be consulting together,—the flame of the torches glaring through the crevices of the floor. At length, one mounting on the shoulders of the other, attempted to raise the small trap-door with his mace, then, on it resisting his efforts, a couple of them descended the steps, and, after a short interval, re-ascended with a pole, which they found in the church. This one of them clambered up, and being supported by the rest, with one powerful effort sent the trap-door flying upwards—a fierce cry bursting from his comrade, as grasping its sides strongly, he began to raise himself through the aperture. As he did so, however, the old seneschal, who stood armed with a block of wood, dealt him a tremendous blow on the helmet, and the next instant they heard his armed body falling on the pavement at the foot of the stairs with a great sound—he was dead.

A cry of vengeance rose from the Northmen, and one after another attempted to force his way through the trap, but a similar fate attended the efforts made by three of them. The old seneschal, strengthened by despair, still preserved his position uninvaded. At length, an arrow, launched by a bowman beneath, struck him, and as his daughter rushed forward to extricate the weapon and staunch the blood, the Northmen, by an united effort, eventually forced their ascent through the door, and though the seneschal was still strong enough to deal him some severe blows, the leader, Turgesius, assisted by his comrades, eventually bounded up upon the lofty floor, and a shriek from Una rung far and wide, as advancing and swinging his battle-axe, with one great effort he cleft the old man to the ground. Then rushing forward he attempted to seize the girl, who, in an agony of despair, had thrown herself on the ground beside her father, who, the next instant breathed his life away.

The instant Una saw the Northman advancing to seize her, gliding like lightning past him, she sprang into one of the open casements of the belfry, and stood in its dread space,—two hundred feet above the ground. As Turgesius regarded her, the terrible expression of her face, in which hatred for the murderer of her father, mingled with an immortal fearlessness of death, caused him to pause for a moment. For a moment he assumed an attitude of entreaty, and by his gesture seemed to promise her safety—a brief interval, in which her soul was wrapped in silent prayer—the next instant he advanced—then, without a shriek, and with an air, calm, terrible, she flung herself sheer down the awful precipice, and so perished.

Such is the legend connected with the solitary tower of the ruined cathedral of Calais, which is still believed to be haunted by the spirits of those who met their deaths as above narrated. On dark, stormy nights, the ghosts of the Northmen are supposed to hover in the belfry, listening awhile for the sound of shipwrecks far at sea—then, after a little, their de-

moniac joy is turned to torture, as they hover, shrieking over the scene of the terrible drama in which they took part—the murder of the old seneschal, and the suicide of his beautiful daughter, Una.

[The conquest of Ireland by Turgesius, in 838, and the stratagem by which the king of Meath destroyed the Danish tyrant, is connected with one of the gloomiest and most romantic epochs of Irish history.]

STORY OF A MANY-SIDED MAN.

NAPOLEON, surveying with eagle eye the ruling kingdoms of Europe, is said to have pronounced the fifth great power of the Continent to be Goerres, the famous German author. He was, indeed, a might in the world, whose influence is still felt, and will be so, no doubt, as long as intellect is cultivated. But if such a judgment be true of Goerres, what shall we say of Friedreich von Schlegel? Great as was the admiration which he excited when his labours, vivid with the novelty of new knowledge, came wave after wave upon the world—the after-time judgment of man has not indicted it. On the contrary, the contemplation of the full round and tenor of his work, has produced as strong an admiration of his intellectual life, now that the days are come to which Klopstock looked sadly forward:

“When from a longer exile, ingenious Schlegel shall write
To the cherished friends of his youth no more.”

Baron Frederick was not the first of his name noted for literary talent. Talent seems to have been slowly growing in his immediate predecessors, to burgeon in him into the full bloom and fruition of genius. Johann Elias was a dramatic author of repute. A “love-ditty” of his begins thus:

“My love, my winged love is like the swallow,
Which in Autumn flies from home;
But when balmy Spring again is come,
And soft air and sunshine follow,
Returneth newly,
And gladdens her old haunts till after bowery July.”

Our author's father, a Lutheran minister, had acquired a reputation for eloquence and learning. Karl Augustus, his eldest brother, went out under the torrid sky of India, having taken service in a Hanoverian regiment. He did not long bear up against the inclemencies of that too sunny clime. Yet, before he died, he kept up the family name by studies in Sanscrit. Sanscrit was then an unknown thing in Europe. Those studies, no doubt, contributed to direct Frederick Schlegel's attention to the history, languages, and literature which he afterwards brought so prominently before the world. Though Sanscrit had been, up to his day, an unknown language in Europe, its name had been heard of. Where learning was spoken of in those days, some member of the great Jesuit Order is almost

certain to be named. Learning and Jesuit are almost synonymous. So the first certain instance (as Max Mueller, professor, of Oxford, writes,) of a European having mastered the difficulties of Sanscrit, is in the case of Roberto de Nobili, in 1606. The missionaries who accompanied St. Francis Xavier were, no doubt, acquainted with it. But it remained for Roberto to master both the language and the literature. In connection with this admirable scholar there is a curious anecdote related. One of his converts composed the *Ezour-Veda*, which is chiefly a translation of Christian teachings. A re-translation of this was trumpeted to the world by Voltaire, who stated that the original was composed four centuries before Alexander the Great, and that it was the original upon which the New Testament was founded! His gross ignorance and anti-Christian virulence met a signal capsize. The French Jesuit missionaries of 1697, were the first who succeeded in rousing European attention to the great discovery which had been made. Father Pons drew up a learned, accurate, and interesting review of Sanscrit—of the various branches of its literature, the Vedas, the grammatical treatises, and the astronomy of the Hindus. "He anticipated," says Professor Muller, "on several points, the researches of Sir W. Jones." Paulinus a Santo Bartholomeo, a German Carmelite, was the first to enable European scholars to acquire the language by the publication of his Sanscrit grammar, at Rome. The contrast which is offered to those energetic labours, by the conduct of the Scotch philosopher, Dugald Stewart, is noteworthy. He who, no doubt, thoroughly despised "monkish ignorance"—as the phrase used to go—denounced the Sanscrit as a gross forgery, and its literature a disgusting imposition. "Those arch-liars, the Brahmins, had," he said, "forged the language out of Greek and Latin!" He had his school. "The first," says Professor Muller, "who dared boldly to face both the facts and the conclusions of Sanscrit scholarship was the German poet, Frederick Schlegel . . . he published, in 1808, his work 'On the Language and Wisdom of the Indians.' This work became the foundation of the Science of Language." Succeeding research has proved some of his statements erroneous; "but Schlegel was a man of genius, and when a new science is to be created, the imagination of the poet is wanted even more than the accuracy of the scholar. It surely required somewhat of poetic vision to embrace with *one* glance, the languages of India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Germany, and to rivet them together by the simple name of Indo-Germanic. This was Schlegel's work, and in the history of intellect, it has been truly called the '*Discovery of a New World*.'"

Augustus Wilhelm, another of our author's brothers, also highly distinguished himself in prose and poetry. Baron Frederick was born at Hanover, in 1772. Like many great men, the destination which his parents proposed to him was very different from that at which he arrived. It was intended that he should adopt commercial pursuits, to become, perhaps, a prosperous merchant, whose word would be weighty no 'Change, or, perhaps, a struggling trader, whose mind would be ever at war with his pursuits—how different his fate! Notwithstanding the intended destina-

tion, he received a classical education, and even prevailed upon his father to allow him to complete his academical course at Gottingen and Leipzig. When he returned from the universities, it was with the seed of his future life ineradicably sown in his nature. His elder brother, who had already acquired some fame, made him his associate in literature. From his youth, he was intensely devoted to learning, his brilliant imagination caused him the more easily to perceive the stand-point of his authors, and realize vividly their ideas. Thus, as he says, from the age of seventeen and upwards, the writings of Plato, and Winkelman's enthusiastic works formed the intellectual world in which he lived. In that ideal world he often strove to represent to his soul the ideas and images of ancient gods and heroes. In more than one case in Germany, too often indeed, an affection like this for the classic world has led to a disguised, philosophical paganism. In Schlegel's youth the tendency may have been thus; but, being the very reverse of a one-sided scholar, his studies led him to a very different result. At the age of twenty-two his literary life, or rather the external manifestation of it, may be said to have begun by the publication of an essay on the various schools of Grecian poetry. It shewed the discriminative and critical tendency of his mind, as well as the solid learning, which was its groundwork. The two succeeding years were each marked by a treatise. One depicted with ability the condition of woman in Greece, the other was an able parallel between Cæsar and Alexander. In 1797, his twenty-fifth year, his first work of importance appeared, "The Greeks and the Romans." In three years it was followed by his "History of Greek Poetry." At this time he visited England and Paris with a view to Oriental scholarship, in the latter city he met with the distinguished Orientalists, Langlès and Chezy, as well as plenty of sources to draw at. He added the study of Persian to that of Sanscrit—undertook a research into the history of the Middle Ages—opened the golden gates of Provençal poetry, and delivered lectures on metaphysics in French! These were Herculean labours, performed, too, with the power of a Hercules. While in Paris, he investigated and wrote upon the early Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese poetry, besides that of Provence. His remarks on the Portuguese include some highly valuable and new ideas upon the influence exerted by climate and locality on the formation of dialects. This subject has since been treated with characteristic erudition, versatility and critical skill, by Professor W. K. Sullivan, of the Irish Catholic University. Schlegel seems to have allowed nothing to escape him—his was truly that profound "many-sidedness," so often erroneously ascribed to very shallow philosophers. He devoted his attention to the master-pieces of modern art, and his letters upon painting, evolved from this, are always to be read with pleasure and instruction. Sculpture, music, and painting, he said, correspond to the trinity of human consciousness—the body, the soul, and the mind. Sculpture being the most material—a beauty of forms, represents the body—music searches the soul and gives voice to its yearnings, whilst painting expresses the mysteries of intelligence—the "the divine symbolism in nature and in man," as his English biographer has well said. He investigated

with exquisite ability the various schools of painting; nor to architecture—especially the Gothic of the middle age—did his genius prove recreant.

In 1808, Catholicity on the continent had not the most cheering prospects. Yet it was in this year, on his return from France, in the ancient Minster of Cologne, that the mighty mind of Schlegel made public profession of the Catholic Faith. In earlier years, when professing philosophy at the University of Jena, he had been the companion and friend of some of the most eminent men of Germany. The religious question was frequently debated, but Schlegel held it a reserved case. "My answer is not yet ready," he would say, when pointedly asked. Some of those friends, such as Novalis, had a certain love and respect for the Catholic Church before the "Reformation." They considered it the prime benefactor of man: but, somehow, whilst properly appreciating the "Reformation," fertile only in barrenness, they would not regard the Church, after that epoch, as the Church which preceded. They eluded their conscience, by a mental jugglery. But, Schlegel's studies had at least taught him one thing: "I regard the Catholic Church as the greatest historical authority upon the earth," he wrote at one time to a friend. For many days and nights before his public profession of the Faith, he devoted himself to the study of the Fathers. And surely, if they have proved so convincing to a mind like his—a mind acute, critical, erudite, enlarged, and comprehensive—they must be accounted as evidences which should convince any rational intelligence. We do not find that Schlegel was exposed to odium from his friends or pained by their desertion; his character, indeed, was mild and amiable as it was powerful, but the esteemed Count von Stolberg, of whom the same can be said, had much to undergo, for a like conversion, from the acrimony of men who had been his friends. Perhaps that suffering of Count von Stolberg, in some measure, cast a shield over those who afterwards followed his example; the German mind grew accustomed to contemplate the possibility of its great men becoming Catholic. It must be so in all countries. At the period of Schlegel's accession, the condition of Catholic literature in Germany was lamentable. It could hardly have been other wise. Since his time, what a change! German Catholic literature ranks most high in every department. It is sufficient simply to name the Biblical critics, Hug and Scholtz; the Biblical exegetists, Alber, Ackerman, and Molitor; the divines, Wiest, Dobmayer, Schwarz, Zimmer, Brenner, Liebermann, and Moehler; the ecclesiastical historian and poet, Count von Stolberg; the archaeologists, Hammer and Schlosser; the philosophic writers, Gents, Adam Mueller, the Swiss Haller, the "fifth power of Europe," Goerres, Schlegel, and many others, some of whom have equally shone in poetry. Several of the most illustrious are converts. Shortly after his conversion, Schlegel gave to the world the result of his special Parisian studies in the "Language and Wisdom of the Indians." Of this great work we have already spoken; it was "the Discovery of a World." The enthusiasm which it aroused has done an immense deal to cause the study of oriental languages to be pursued with that energy, and unveiled with that perspicuity which have since characterized many works.

Unceasingly active, in 1810, he gave at Vienna his "Lectures on Modern History"—which have been published in a collected form, and by some considered his greatest achievement. He constantly contributed to the periodical literature of the country, and thus became connected by editorship with the "Athenæum," the "German Museum," the "Concordia," and by literary contributions, supported the "Vienna Quarterly Review." His celebrated lectures on the "History of Literature," were delivered in 1812, and appear among his works, ranking in the estimation of Germany as a "National Possession." In it, ancient and modern literature, not only of Greece and Rome, but of the whole globe, are passed under review, with a power of criticism and genius until his time unknown. He had already published an excellent appreciation of Goethe's poetry, but the "History of Literature" he allowed to close his critical career, with one exception, in favour of Lamartine. Will it be believed—it hardly seems possible, that the literary life which we have sketched between 1808 and 1812 did not suffice to fill up the measure of his occupations? Singular to say, he was also engaged, during the campaign of 1809, as secretary to the Archduke Charles of Austria, some of whose stirring proclamations, rousing Austrian patriotism, were from Schlegel's pen. Nor was this enough! He founded a daily newspaper, the "Austrian Observer," which afterwards became the "Austrian Official Organ." His political life was further distinguished by diplomatic missions with which he was charged by Metternich, after 1814. For his political, but more especially for his literary services to the country, he received a suitable pension, letters of nobility, and the position of Aulic Counsellor. Happy the country which had such a son: happy he whose country knew how to reward merit! He was a true patriot, loved and served his country ardently whilst menaced by foreign foes, but never attorned to the absolutism of the sovereign. That absolutism has since been changed for a constitutional form of government, and we are certain we do not err in feeling that to have seen it then established would have gratified many of his desires whilst, on the other hand, his views have, doubtless, tended to prepare a way for its establishment. After the peace of 1814, for several years Schlegel was one of the representatives of the court of Vienna at the Diet of Frankfort. The position in which he was, the esteem in which he was held, the changeable times in which he lived, all contributed to mature his judgment upon the philosophy of government and historical events. Returning in 1818 to Vienna, he renewed his literary occupations, contributing largely to the "Vienna Quarterly." 1820 was a year of revolutions. In order to propagate and popularize correct views of the science of political life, he established, with the collaboration of the distinguished writer, Adam Mueller, and several Redemptorist Fathers, the "Concordia." His able articles therein upon the "The Characteristics of the Age," did much and effectual service towards the proposed object. His profound views upon the nature of government and states, were elucidated with the greatest ability. The ideal of the Christian state was placed in fullest light, and in eloquent language he con-

trasted it with the paganism of ancient and modern times, developing the duties and sources of authority and the office of the church.

In lectures at Vienna, in 1827, Schlegel treated of the "Philosophy of Life,"—this great work, we need not say how worthy it is of its illustrious author. All those who have read it—and it has been most extensively read with enthusiasm—know and value its solution of great questions. To a mind struggling for intellectual light, on points affecting religion, it cannot fail to be most interesting. Another glorious production appeared the year following: his course of lectures on "The Philosophy of History," one of the most important, valuable, and captivating works imaginable. All ages of the world come before the reader, like a map outspread, and we behold what shallower intellects so often obscure or neglect, the supreme providence of God ruling all.

Towards the close of this year (1828,) Schlegel returned to Dresden, from which he had, as we may say, started on the journey of his literary life; to it he returned, as if led by some mysterious hand, that it might receive the last glory of his days. When Plato and the Greek tragedians formed the world in which his youthful intellect lived, striving to realize to himself the ancient deities, it was not until he arrived at Dresden in his seventeenth year (1789) that he succeeded in that effort. There, in that capital so highly refined by art, as he writes, ravished by the antique forms of life, he used to shut himself up for hours, amongst the statues in the Bruhl Garden. The impressions he received there, formed the firm, enduring groundwork of his classical studies. There, in his last years he delivered his swan-note, "The Philosophy of Language," a work metaphysical and sublime. There, in his fifty-seventh year, preparing his lecture, on Man's Attainable Knowledge, he wrote:—"But the consummate and perfect knowledge"—and wrote no more.

That consummate and perfect knowledge is not attainable upon this side of the grave, and like Gerald Griffin, his last lines seem to foretell his death. At one o'clock of the same night on which he wrote those words, his peaceful spirit, purified by the ministrations of that religion which his reason had found true, and his heart loved, separated from its visible tenement, to receive the knowledge of the Invisible. As Count Stolberg writes:

"Life's day is darked with storm and ill,
The night of death is mild and still,
The consecrated grave receives
Our frames as Earth doth withered leaves.
There sunbeams shine, there dewy showers
Fall bright as on the garden bowers;
And friendship's tear-drops in the ray
Of hope, are brighter still than they."

So lived and died a man of whom it is no injustice to say that he was many-sided, whose immense learning and powers of criticism were sanctified by the purest intentions and most holy aims.

COLUMBA.